

Contemporary Review

incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY

No. 1075 JULY 1955

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CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

46-47 CHANCERY LANE · LONDON W.C.2

THE GENERAL ELECTION

I.

THE electors have given to Sir Anthony Eden and his Government a majority of 59 over all other parties in the House of Commons, that will enable them to make full normal use of the Standing Committees and other procedural machinery of the House, so that they will have the power not merely to govern but to legislate in the way that they determine. Members of the Government engaged on important duties away from London will not have to be hurriedly recalled to save the Government from defeat in the lobbies, sick back-benchers will not be dragged from their beds to vote in snap divisions, all night sittings will become again a rare and not a constantly recurring phenomenon. That is a state of affairs which has not prevailed in either of the last two Parliaments (i.e. for a period of over five years) and, party politics apart, is to be welcomed as a return to a healthier parliamentary life. Both Government and Opposition Whips will be able to control their teams on a somewhat lighter rein and will not be obliged to dragoon every single one of their members however reluctant to support the party in the division lobby. The Government will be able to pursue a well thought out constructive policy and the Opposition can take a longer view of its interests instead of devoting itself to day-to-day tactical considerations.

Second only to the major result of the election, was the surprising reduction in the percentage of the electorate going to the polls. Though it was a fine, light, summer's day, and though there were no unopposed returns so that votes were cast in every constituency—for the first time I believe in British history—even the successful party polled a substantially smaller aggregate number of votes than they had obtained in 1951. A striking illustration of this is to be found in the cases where there was a Conservative gain in an unaltered constituency. There were ten of these in all, and in no fewer than five of them the successful Government candidate actually polled fewer votes than he himself or his predecessors had polled in 1951 when he lost the seat. It was of course the still more substantial drop in the Labour vote both in these constituencies and in the country generally that enabled the Government to increase their majority in the House of Commons.

The precise interpretation of these facts is anybody's guess. My own is that few people who voted Labour in 1951 changed their allegiance and voted Conservative in 1955; therefore in that sense there was little or no swing. Nor do I think that any unusually large number of people were just too lazy to go to the polls. My belief is that many were in genuine perplexity as to the rival merits of the two parties and ended up by abstention.

The fact surely is that people are motivated to vote by one or both of two considerations—enthusiasm for one party and fear of the other. In my opinion neither the prospectuses of the two main parties nor the political broadcasts or television were such as to arouse passionate feelings in the mind of the uncommitted elector. He or she was therefore thrown back on an individual estimate of the rival merits of the two parties. In previous elections the memory of Tory misrule in the 'twenties with its disorderly

demobilisation, its business slump, its appalling unemployment was still fresh. In 1955 this memory was fading and was even obliterated by more recent experiences. Moreover many of the new electors were too young to have any memory of that period whatever. Further, fears that full employment and the Welfare State would suffer shipwreck under Eden and Butler seemed unjustified. Perhaps too some electors may have had misgivings that a Labour Government might reintroduce some forms of irksome controls and restrictions. On the other hand a smaller number of previous Conservative electors must have dropped out by death and others may have become disillusioned by their experience and have decided to stay away from the polls altogether.

If my assumptions are broadly correct what is the moral for the Labour Party? Some people may take the view that it should go more "left" and others that it should go more "right." I agree with neither. In my view both wings of a progressive party are needed if it is to go forward successfully. What I regard as essential is that it should drop its shibboleths and face up realistically to the problems of modern life. It must be prepared to deal positively with such things as the rent muddle and house dilapidation, the wage structure and the question of differentials, the free-enterprise sector of the national economy and the profit motive, education and the so-called public schools, restrictive practices in industry both by masters and men. If it is prepared to tackle all these and similar problems boldly and effectively it will earn the respect of the thinking minds in all classes of society.

Finally, while I hope that the Labour Party will never forget the maimed and the sick, the aged and the underprivileged, its primary concern must ever be with the splendid men and women on whose hard work, skill and intelligence the whole prosperity of the nation ultimately depends.

PETHICK-LAWRENCE.

II.

DISTINCTIVENESS was the keynote of the Liberal General Election campaign. The emphasis of the party's Manifesto—the best for many years—and of the addresses of the candidates was not on where Liberals agree but where they differ, and, conversely, not where Conservatives and Socialists differ, but where they agree. The aim was, and remains, to strengthen the voice of independence, and, in so doing, to weaken the sectional lobbies and pressure-groups which have too long dominated the parliamentary scene. "A party talking sense warmed by humanity about questions that interest us." That was Mr. Joseph Grimond's phrase. "For that," he added in a Llandudno speech that was the measure of his growing stature, "we need converts and we need allies." After all, many of the noblest political victories in Britain, abolition of the slave trade, corn law repeal, factory reform, children's welfare, were won, not by one party alone but by the forward surge of a determined body of men and women from the ranks of the dominant party with support from others of diverse political colours.

On May 26th the converts and the allies were few. But there were portents that many were getting ready to make the trek. Commentators and "roving pulse-feelers" who studied reactions from a variety of audiences

(the speaking tour of the present writer included meetings in seven counties and in constituencies as radically different as Oldham, Chislehurst, Hornchurch, Cheadle, Altrincham, and South Bucks) have found evidence of widespread protest against the mechanisation of politics and political ideas. That is a salutary and wholesome trend. There were few such signs in the Elections of 1945, 1950 and 1951. The antipathy towards machine mass-production in civic and national life is deepened by a factor which could in time prove even more significant. That is the growing interest among the younger generation in the voice of independence. The Liberal and Welsh Nationalist voters are, pre-eminently, a youthful electorate. For this very reason the full effect of these allied tendencies will not be felt for perhaps eight to fifteen years.

Such, then, are the influences which we must blame—or praise—for the partial inaccuracies of the pollsters in their eve-of-poll predictions. The pollsters did well in their estimates of the Tory ascendancy over Labour. Here the percentages were: Conservatives, etc.; votes cast, 49.84; *News Chronicle* Gallup Poll, 51; *Daily Express* Poll, 50. Labour: votes cast, 46.39; *News Chronicle* Gallup Poll, 47.5; *Daily Express* Poll, 47.3. In retrospect their handling of Liberals, Independents and Nationalists seems a little careless. Gallup gave Liberals and others 1.5 per cent. The *Daily Express* was closer with 2.7. In the event, the votes cast amounted to 3.77 per cent. of whom Liberals, with candidates for little more than one-sixth of the constituencies, accounted for 2.7 per cent. Despite frustrations and vicissitudes, Liberals raised their vote in about two-thirds of their contests. During a marathon television performance, Mr. David Butler laid stress on an upsurge in the West Country, notably in ten Devon and Cornwall constituencies.

One welcome facet of the anxiety over mass politics and the tyranny of mathematics was the re-emergence of the personality of the candidate as a campaign factor, sometimes calculable, sometimes imponderable. In other post-war Elections Nuffield College research had prescribed 400 votes or so as the maximum premium on personality. The impact of this new-old element dealt a stunning blow to the "cube-law" prognostications of professional statisticians and, in combination with other factors, reduced the promised 101 majority to 59. The Prime Minister's heavy majority exemplified the "personality" theme. On the Conservative benches perhaps a notable illustration was Mr. Raymond Gower. At marginal Barry, in 1951, this genial, burly and vociferous libertarian transformed a Labour majority of 1,025 into a Tory majority of 1,649. His 1955 majority of 7,363 reflected his reputation for expedition and diligence with thousands of constituency cases. Another example was Miss Joan Vickers, who, by a majority of 100, succeeded where the redoubtable Mr. Randolph Churchill failed in 1951, and ousted Mr. Michael Foot the Bevanite from Devonport. Critics will doubtless argue that she would enjoy a larger majority had she labelled herself "Conservative" rather than "Conservative-Liberal National." Again, on the Labour side, personality could beat the tide. The tide could have engulfed and drowned Mr. Johnson at Rugby, Mr. Geoffrey de Freitas at Lincoln, perhaps even Mr. Edwin Gooch, President of the National Union of Agricultural Workers, in Norfolk North. It did not. All swam vigorously—and sur-

vived. Mr. Gooch added nearly 1,000 to his 279 majority, and defeated the challenge from a formidable and popular but politically immature Rear-Admiral. In neighbouring South-West Norfolk Mr. Sidney Dye, the much-liked local farmer, who captured the seat by 53 votes in 1945, retained it by 260 in 1950 and lost it by 442 in 1951, registered a striking gain by 193 votes in 1955. It was hardly surprising that Labour should hail him as Canute and Noah rolled into one.

Liberal candidates typified the new trends. The expansion of Plaid Cymru, whose eleven Welsh Nationalist candidates amassed a total of 45,000 votes, contributed towards four sharp Liberal reverses in North Wales. But in Montgomeryshire and Cardiganshire Mr. Clement Davies, Q.C., the party leader and member for 26 years, and Mr. Roderic Bowen, Q.C., although both convalescent, maintained almost intact their large 1951 majorities. At Carmarthen, in a three-cornered fight with strong Labour and Welsh Nationalist offensives, Sir Rhys Hopkin Morris, Q.C., Deputy-Chairman of Ways and Means and Deputy-President of the Free Trade Union, who combines the rarer qualities of the philosopher-statesman with those of a first-class electioneer, raised his majority from 467 in 1951 (187 in 1950) to 3,333 in 1955. Characteristically, he paid tribute in a brief television appearance to his workers from "all political parties" who had rallied in "freedom's cause." The increased majorities in Orkney-Shetland for Mr. Grimond, whose record 7,993 majority exceeded by a thousand the joint Tory-Socialist vote, and in Bolton West and Huddersfield West for Mr. Arthur Holt and Mr. Donald Wade, were again personal as well as party triumphs. Among candidates who will not have to wait long before they are members was Mr. Edwin Malindine, whom the *Daily Telegraph* 1951 Election Correspondent had designated "one of his party's most persuasive speakers." In North Cornwall he raised the Liberal poll from 12,869 to 15,220, lopped the Tory poll from 18,009 to 16,824, slashed the Labour vote to one-tenth of the total, and cut the Tory majority from 5,140 to 1,604. Mr. Malindine, who is, to purloin Senor de Madariaga's phrase, *un libéral né*, would prove a worthy successor to earlier North Cornwall M.P.s like Sir Donald Maclean and Sir Francis Acland. Other impressive Liberal performances included: Mr. John Bannerman, Inverness-shire (poll rose from 8,998 to 13,386; Conservative majority cut from 1,331 to 966); Mr. Jeremy Thorpe, Chairman of the Proportional Representation Society, North Devon (poll rose from 7,326 to 11,558; Liberal resumed second place; Conservative majority cut from 9,148 to 5,226); Dr. Glyn Tegai Hughes, Denbighshire (poll rose from 11,758 to 13,671; Liberal resumed second place; "Simonite" majority cut from 7,915 to 4,641); Mr. Frank Owen, Hereford (polled 8,658 after a 10-day campaign and gained second place in the constituency which he won at the age of 23 in 1929 and lost in 1931 to the present First Lord of the Admiralty); Mr. Stuart Roseveare, Bodmin (poll rose from 10,088 to 10,199; Conservative majority over Liberal cut from 9,998 to 7,659). There were bad figures in and around London but Liberals were heartened by a substantial range of 7-9,000 polls, among them Mr. John Arlott's 7,528 votes in the difficult Epping constituency.

How, then, to conclude? The distinctive Liberal witness remains as vital as ever in the councils of the nation. That is the lesson. Many

voters think so too. Liberals refresh themselves with the thought that democracy comprises "not only the counting of heads but the influencing of minds." The Liberal witness must needs be consulted, too, by Conservative and Labour policy-formulators. That factor alone has done much either to soften or to strengthen several major policy decisions since 1945. Resistance to Executive encroachments and to breaches of civil liberty, Viscount Samuel's Freedom Bill, justice for coloured peoples, the case of the Khamas and the Kabaka, the struggle against racial discrimination, co-partnership under gas nationalisation, the case against the imposition of new increases in 18 fruit and vegetable tariffs and against the renewal of the Safeguarding of Industries Act of 1921, resistance to restraints and restrictions from potatoes to Icelandic fish—all these causes, and others too, would be the weaker today but for a third public opinion and a third party, resolved to hammer home its own libertarian and non-socialist but progressive principles of faith—and works. If there were no Liberal party in being, Viscount Samuel said long ago, we should have to create one. Small wonder that an *Observer* contributor could write of the "smiling obstinacy" of the "Liberal vote that won't lie down." For the goal is to displace Labour as Her Majesty's Opposition.

DERYCK ABEL.

III.

"THERE is no greater gamble on earth than a British general election," said the Secretary of the Labour Party in the *Contemporary Review* of January, 1936. Recently, this verdict has been disputed on the ground that the result of any general election is predictable by the Gallup Poll combined with the "cube law." This year, however, the forecasts went astray: the Gallup Poll figures indeed corresponded within one per cent to the actual difference in votes between the two largest parties, but the Conservative lead in seats was only about half that predicted by the cube law. Therefore, one or more of the assumptions on which that "law" rests must have been false. And since we do not know whether those assumptions will prove true or false on any future occasion, our general elections remain a gamble. They will remain so, as long as any given vote has a high probability of not affecting the result, and so long as the voter has to try by a single X to express all his views about parties, policies and personalities.

The main reason for the departure from cube law predictions appears to have been that the change in support for the parties was far less uniform over the country than in 1950 or 1951. For instance (taking only constituencies where there was a straight fight in both this election and 1951), in Wandsworth Central a Labour majority of 1,183 in 1951 was converted into a Conservative majority of 1,093, yet the Conservatives failed to win Reading, where the Labour majority over the whole town (then two constituencies) in 1951 was only 707. Labour gained unexpectedly in S.W. Norfolk, but won only eight out of nineteen new or altered constituencies it was expected to win. This must be cheering to those who dislike the regimentation of our modern politics. There does appear at last to be a check in the trend towards making a general election simply a choice between two big parties, without regard to circumstances in the

constituency. This conclusion is confirmed by the polls of candidates outside the two largest parties. After a long decline all the small parties have (as in last year's by-elections) polled better on an average, again with wide local variations.

This, however, constitutes only a very small breach in the barrier against the Parliamentary expression of independent opinion. The voting does not, for example, reflect the division of views within the Labour Party—a Gallup Poll recorded a five-to-two majority among Labour voters against Bevan, but Bevanite candidates have not fared noticeably worse than others—and all small parties continue to be grossly under-represented. Not only that, but Labour is again under-represented as compared with the Conservatives.

	votes	%	seats	%	seats in prpn. to votes	votes polled per seat won
Conservative ..	13,336,182	49.84	344	54.6	314	38,769
Labour ..	12,405,130	46.35	277	43.9	291	44,784
Liberal ..	722,400	2.70	6	0.9	17	126,400
Others ..	295,772	1.11	2	0.4	7	147,886
The Speaker ..	—	—	1	0.2	1	
TOTALS ..	26,759,484	100.00	630	100.0	630	

Redistribution has not made the result fairer. In some cases it has done the opposite—in Bristol in 1951, Labour, with 51.26 per cent of the votes, secured four of the six seats; this time, with 50.78 per cent of the votes, it won five out of the six re-drawn constituencies. Had Bristol been one constituency, electing its six M.P.s by the single transferable vote, there would have been no boundaries within the city to alter, and if the two major parties had each polled nearly half the votes, as they did in the actual elections, they would each have won three seats on both occasions. The composition of the House of Commons would not then have depended on whether, for example, the Conservatives gained from Labour 500 votes in Bristol North East (which would have given them that seat) and lost 500 votes to Labour in West (which would still have left them a majority of 21,000). Moreover, the seats would have been occupied by whichever of the candidates the voters considered the best—the personal factor which seems to have influenced votes to some slight extent in this election would have had its full effect on the result.

The tendency to favour candidates outside the two largest parties would also have had full play, unhampered by fear of "wasting a vote." Under P.R. the parties would have won seats in proportion to the votes cast for their candidates, but those votes would themselves have been different. Taking Bristol again, the one Liberal candidate polled 4,236 votes: had he been able to draw votes from the whole city, it is reasonable to suppose that he would have got about 24,000 votes. On top of this, some who now will not "waste their vote" on a Liberal would vote for him if they could insure against that waste by marking further preferences for other candidates; therefore the Bristol Liberals might easily have reached the 37,000 or so votes necessary to elect one member.

If the present government had won seats in proportion to the votes actually cast, it would have been in a minority of one in the House of Commons. That is the kind of position which opponents of P.R. fear—they think the absence of a majority for one party means unstable govern-

ment. However, experience in countries using proportional systems does not bear this out. When the parties know that it is useless to gamble on a new election because no big change in the Parliamentary situation can result from a small change in the voting, they learn to adapt themselves to the position; one party may govern, but only in such a way as to retain majority support. Are the British less capable than the Danes or the Irish of practising government by consent?

ENID LAKEMAN.

"LOSS AND GAIN"

THE first half year of 1955 has been full of spectacular changes both on the international and the domestic scene. But many people must be asking themselves the same question: to what extent are these changes genuine and profound, what are their real causes and what further developments may be expected from them?

The Big Four meeting "at the summit" now seems to be in the last stages of preparation and it is being preceded by other important international consultations on both sides of the Atlantic. Commentators, diplomats and politicians are still speculating on the timing and purpose of Moscow's invitation to Dr. Adenauer and on the nature of the German Chancellor's visit to Soviet Russia if he does go. What exactly happened in Yugoslavia between Marshal Tito and his Russian guests is likewise shrouded in mystery. According to *Pravda*, the joint Soviet-Yugoslav declaration has a "tremendous significance" not only for the two countries involved but also for the world as a whole. For once *Pravda* is probably right, since it is hardly conceivable that the Russian potentates would have accepted the humiliations of their Belgrade visit only for the purpose of offering Tito an abject public apology for past wrongs or for promoting Khrushchev's incredibly clumsy performance of attributing sole responsibility for the feud of recent years to the late and unlamented Beria.

Other itinerant politicians—apart from the democracies' leading statesmen who move from London and Paris to Messina, to Washington, to San-Francisco and to innumerable other places almost as a matter of daily routine—include Mr. Krishna Menon and Mr. Nehru who have been indefatigable travellers and whose ranks have now been also joined by Burma's U Nu, Thailand's Pibul Songgram as well as a strange assortment of lesser celebrities.

The Bandung conference—another landmark of our times—drew together the ablest and most powerful leaders of modern Asia including Chou En-Lai, who made his now famous pronouncement about Peiping's willingness to negotiate with the U.S.A. The Asiatic statesmen and some of their friends in Europe and the U.S.A. were very vocal in their condemnation of "colonialism." But only few words were spoken in condemnation of that other, much more ferocious and quite recent form of colonialism, namely the one practised by Soviet Russia in the very heart of the European continent. At no time in the past have the British, the French, the Dutch, the Belgians, or the Portuguese, treated natives in Asia or Africa the way the Communists are treating Czechs, Poles, Balts, Hungarians, Rumanians, Bulgars and others right now, in the middle of the Twentieth Century. Yet this does not seem to bother Mr. Nehru at all,

and as to the Indonesians, who only recently obtained their independence from Holland, they would like to acquire a colony of their own in the shape of New Guinea.

The Bandung Conference failed to produce a united front under the slogan of "Asia for the Asiatics" and showed the strongest possible resistance of some key countries to accept Mr. Nehru's leadership or to flirt with Communism. Thus the travelling Asiatics by no means speak with one voice, nor do they necessarily pursue the same objective.

The useful *Chronology of International Events* published by Chatham House invariably carries such sub-headings as "Agreements," "Conferences," "Disorders and Hostilities," "Disputes" and "Government changes." To these it might also add "Political Journeys"—a feature of our present era which is no less characteristic than others. As far as agreements are concerned, the international press recently carried within the brief space of a few days pictures of M. Edgar Faure signing a Franco-Tunisian Agreement, of Mrs. Luce and Premier Scelba signing an Agreement in Rome whereby Italy receives fifty million dollars, Tito and Bulganin signing their joint declaration, the Ministerial Meeting of the Coal and Steel Community held in Messina and—a very different matter—the representatives of Ford and the Union of Automobile Workers in America signing a truly revolutionary agreement guaranteeing an annual wage system.

There is nothing new about the fact of all these conferences and negotiations, disputes and agreements. But what is new is the development in recent months of a different trend—first of all in Soviet Russia's diplomacy and secondly also in that of the U.S.A. Both governments now seem determined to avoid an open clash and even to remove some of the old bitterness from the cold war. After ten years of obstruction the Russians have of their own free will promoted an Austrian Treaty. This sudden step naturally caused the greatest joy in Vienna and considerable consternation in Washington. The western democracies, however, have had no choice but to accept a settlement which they had been demanding for so long and which Moscow has now offered on terms less severe than those Austria and the West were willing to swallow at the Berlin Conference last year. It must be admitted that the Russians have played their cards very adroitly: they get the maximum of benefit politically and economically without really giving up anything vital or assuming any risks whatever. As long as they remain firmly entrenched in the other satellite states they can well afford to evacuate their troops from Austria, since she will continue to be within easy reach. The Austrians, who have to pay heavy compensation for getting back their ruined economy, will certainly operate it better than the Russian occupants did, and are bound by treaty to supply Moscow with vast quantities of oil and other products. Thus economically this abandonment is only to Russia's advantage. Politically Austria becomes a neutralized buffer state, but even more important are the consequences of this transaction in their impact on the Western Allies and the Germans.

On the one hand, the neutralization of Austria drives a serious wedge into the NATO defence scheme under which the military forces of France, Germany and Italy should represent one continuous chain; this is now

broken. On the other hand, the Austrian "deal" is calculated to exercise a considerable psychological effect not only on the West Germans but on the wishful thinkers, appeasers and fellow-travellers in other countries as well. This it is certainly doing, since it is being used as an argument purporting to prove Russia's peaceful intentions, her apparent willingness to negotiate friendly settlements or even to withdraw her troops altogether. Thus it is held to demonstrate that German rearmament is unnecessary and that the Allies' own defence efforts can be curtailed. In these arguments nobody bothers to explain not only that Austria is a very special case which has little or nothing in common with that of Germany and can therefore not serve as a pattern; or, secondly, and this is even more important, that the Russians chose to behave as they did over Austria precisely because of the threat of force contained in the Paris Treaties and not because of any Allied willingness to make concessions.

Promoting mental confusion among their opponents has always been one of Moscow's most powerful weapons. They are using it to the full now. The Russians are trying to get the maximum political benefit out of the Austrian Treaty and there are enough gullible or purblind or dishonest politicians in Germany or elsewhere to help them in this attempt.

The question of Russo-German relations has always been a complex one. Its history constitutes a curious blend of love and hatred, of attraction and hostility, of mutual respect and mutual contempt. There is a strong Bismarckian tradition of friendly collaboration between the two countries, and this has been maintained not only under the Kaiser and the Weimar Republic but also under Hitler from the first weeks of his accession to power until June, 1941. Now that Germany has regained her sovereignty and is not merely a strong economic power but on the eve of becoming a military one as well, she can certainly choose to decide her own course of action. To use a popular American phrase, she can "lead from strength." Dr. Adenauer is undeniably a Westerner. But there are many other influential men in Germany who do not fully share his strong pro-Western orientation. Moreover, "Der Alte" has probably obtained all there is to be had from the West; there is not much else that the democracies and even America can give him. But there is a great deal that—over a period of be years of course—can be obtained from Moscow. These possibilities range from purely normal economic exchanges, which would be of mutual advantage, to far-reaching political arrangements. Only the Russians can give—or promise—the Germans Berlin and unification without war. Neutralization may be too heavy a price to pay not only for Adenauer but also for his eventual successors. There are, however, many other possibilities for "normalizing" (since the Tito-Bulganin Agreement this word is becoming fashionable) the relations between Bonn and Moscow, to begin with, and then developing them on closer lines. It is no coincidence that the name of Rapallo is so frequently occurring in all discussions of Russo-German relations.

The British and the Americans have the irritating and unwarranted habit of pretending that only France feels uneasy about the future course of a re-established strong Germany. The British have quite as much to worry about, and if it is not enough to compare the degree of reconstruction in the United Kingdom and Germany ten years after the end of hostilities,

then a careful economic study and especially a glance at the respective balance of payments positions should drive home the lesson that Britain is not a disinterested party. Nor can the U.S.A. take it for granted that Germany will always obediently follow the dictates of Washington and, as on many previous occasions, the Americans may yet find that their future dealings with the Germans are full of surprises.

If throughout this post-war era America has exercised and is bound to continue exercising her unquestionable leadership, Britain has played a great part as a balancing factor. The whole free world looks to London for wisdom, moderation and political "know-how." That is why the resignation of Sir Winston Churchill and the designation of Sir Anthony Eden as his successor became events of the utmost international significance. In all countries the most fervent tributes were paid to Sir Winston, and in Holland the Prime Minister actually said what his colleagues in many other countries could have echoed, namely that Europe's smaller Democracies would not be there to celebrate their tenth anniversary of liberation if it had not been for Winston Churchill. Everywhere expressions of good will and confidence in his successor were voiced in the warmest fashion, and Eden's electoral victory has only served to enhance his prestige. The defeat of the Labour Party was met with a very obvious sigh of relief, since the free world desires Britain to have a united, coherent and constructive government. But here it must be said that two recent developments have gone far to damage British prestige—despite the general goodwill and respect this country now commands abroad, namely the strikes. People simply cannot understand how it is possible for a small group of workers to paralyse the London Press for several weeks or how another small group of Railwaymen can nearly bring rail transport to a complete standstill. There is also some deeper philosophy in this; what measures has a free society for protecting itself against such an obvious abuse of power by a small undisciplined labour minority?

Friends and enemies alike study British developments very closely. They analyse every sign of strength and every sign of weakness not only in terms of Britain's interests but of their own interests, and they try to draw their own conclusions. Thus in recent weeks there has been much discussion in America and on the Continent of Europe of the possibilities of sterling convertibility. Much though this would be welcome if it were assured of complete success, there is great apprehension abroad lest for prestige reasons Britain embarks on a premature adventure without having the necessary strength to carry it through. There could be no greater economic catastrophe for Europe than a British failure in this respect. Nor are foreign observers of the British scene impressed with a great deal of loose talk about a "floating pound" instead of a convertible one. There seems to be a distinct preference for the continuation, consolidation and extension of the present system within the European Payments Union which functions well and which has been one of the determining factors in Europe's economic recovery.

The extent of the recovery varies a great deal from country to country. Nowhere on the Continent is it more spectacular than in Holland. No nation that has participated in the war can look back on a more impressive effort of reconstruction and consolidation—achieved very largely through

its own endeavours, skill, frugal living, ingenuity and capacity for hard work. Despite the flood disaster of 1953 Holland today is in a position of quite remarkable economic strength and, apart from Switzerland, no country in Western Europe can boast of a healthier economy. Her gold and foreign currency reserves have reached such proportions that she is now beginning to export capital again. Thus in 1954 a Belgian loan for one hundred million Guilders was floated in Holland and in 1955 a second one for an identical amount has been raised. This sounds truly incredible, bearing in mind what little damage was suffered by Belgium during the war and also the preservation by the Belgians of their immensely prosperous colony, the Congo, while Holland experienced the most far-reaching devastation and lost the most valuable part of her colonial empire.

Having made up their minds that they could live well without the Dutch East Indies—now the republic of Indonesia—the people of Holland have set to work to accelerate the industrialization of their own little country, as well as to resume international commercial and financial activities. A typical illustration of their success in this respect is the KLM airlines company which has recently repaid a seven million dollars loan to the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development and obtained a private loan from two leading American banks. But whereas the World Bank has charged four and one eighth per cent, the new loan has been contracted at $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent, and is not backed by a Government guarantee or a mortgage on some of the aircraft as was the case before.

Switzerland remains the most prosperous country in Europe and is at the present moment afflicted by such a surfeit of money that the Government feels really embarrassed. It cannot repay the national debt because there is too much money in circulation already, and because money rates are low enough as it is. So much so, in fact, that the Swiss banks have now entered into a gentleman's agreement to put part of their liquid assets into blocked accounts at the Swiss National Bank in order to curtail some of the excessive purchasing power of the nation. Characteristically enough, they complain about their prosperity as bitterly as they would do in less happy times about their difficulties and losses.

The three Scandinavian countries have once again been planned by their respective Socialist Governments into new financial crises. These Governments have been promoting their otherwise laudable full employment and welfare policies by non-stop inflationary methods, with the result that in Denmark and Norway there is a constant foreign currency shortage while in Sweden monetary policy has got quite out of gear. It is admitted in all three countries that the root of their troubles is the excessive purchasing power of the population which has led to overspending and unreasonable imports. A typical example in Sweden will be found in the fact that in 1954 total motor car registrations went up to 535,000 as compared with 431,000 in 1953. But it is not admitted by the Scandinavian Governments that they themselves are the authors of this excessive purchasing power and that responsibility for it rests fairly and squarely with them. Only reluctantly, in all three countries, have the authorities been constrained in recent months to abandon their cheap money policy and to introduce some much overdue restrictions.

The political difficulties of France and of Italy tend to obscure a con-

siderable amount of economic progress in both countries. The French balance of payments has much improved, both the financial and the economic position looks encouraging, but there are permanent political uncertainties. These make it traditionally impossible to produce a budget in time and to get it accepted by Parliament, so that this year once again France is still without a complete budget for 1955 despite the fact that the first six months of the year are over. Despite this chronic disease, there are signs of a new dynamic quality in the nation's life and even housing—until now the most neglected sector of the French economy—is beginning to expand. Were it not for her crippling political malady which everybody is talking about but nobody knows how to cure—France could easily re-establish her prosperity far beyond her present achievements.

As to Italy, which is politically split beyond reconciliation and where the Scelba Government ended its precarious existence on June 22nd, the financial situation is by no means discouraging. Hard work, frugal living, the ever growing utilization of methane gas and more recently the discovery of oil have combined to create a certain modicum of national prosperity even if there are still many areas of hardship. The film industry is bringing in plenty of currency. So is tourism. The World Bank has just granted a loan of seventy million dollars and the American Government has likewise granted a loan of fifty million dollars. If a political crisis can be avoided, the economic prospects look better than ever before.

But the truth of the matter is, that despite all the improvements and changes of recent months, everything still depends on what Russia and America are going to do. Though the next Presidential Election is only in 1956, the American nation seems to be largely absorbed by the question whether Mr. Eisenhower will run again and whether Mr. Stevenson will accept the Democratic nomination. There is also another question which overshadows everything, namely whether America's present prosperity can be maintained during the second half of 1955 and in the years to come. But although the future is thus full of uncertainties, there is one thing about the free world which is clear and certain enough. There is a spirit of greater hopefulness everywhere, and the danger of a third world war seems to be receding. It has taken the world ten painful years to recover from the calamities of the last conflict. Even if the Four Power Conference "at the summit" produces nothing specific, the mere fact that it can be held is encouraging. The second half of 1955 will show whether the present wave of optimism is justified, or whether wishful thinking has once again led humanity astray.

GEORGE SOLOVEYCHIK.

THE LIBERATION OF AUSTRIA

WHEN the Pummerin, the great bell of St. Stephen's Cathedral, boomed out on May 15th the signal for all the bells of the city's churches to ring in the re-birth of Austrian independence, it announced much more than the mere signing of the State Treaty in the Belvedere Palace. It heralded the end of 17 years of occupation by foreign armies, for the ten years of Four Power occupation following on the heels of seven years occupation by Nazi Germany. It proclaimed the birth of a second Switzerland—a completely new Austria, pledged to neutrality.

Beyond that, the booming of the twenty ton bell signified the first recognition by Soviet Russia that she could not practicably retain and digest all the vast alien territories which her armies had been enabled to overrun in 1945. For Russia, as on other occasions in her history, an era of retraction and consolidation may well prove to have set in with the conclusion of the historic ceremony in the Belvedere. It would be unwise to count on the process of withdrawal soon going further, since one object of letting Austria go is to consolidate other acquisitions. The people of Germany are expected, of course, to draw the moral that the Austrian Communists made a pathetic attempt to popularise on May 15th by scattering thousands of leaflets inscribed: "Neutralität brachte den Staatsvertrag"—"Neutrality gave us the State Treaty." There is a far greater possibility that the neighbouring populations of Czechoslovakia and Hungary will draw very different conclusions. For one, that post-war subjugation to Soviet forces need not last for ever. For another, that national solidarity—for that is what the incongruous Socialist-Volkspartei coalition in Austria has implemented since 1945—and steadfast endurance even when faced by terrorism can win through when external conditions are propitious, and bring liberty. If the Bear comes to realise, in the expressive German phrase, that *seine Augen waren grösser als sein Bauch*—that he has bitten more off than he can chew—in respect of Austria, why should he not one day come to the same conclusion respecting other countries which are today still subjected to Soviet Control?

Of course the message of the bells was not solely one of good tidings for the Austrians. They rang out the warning that her citizens will be the poorer by some £20 million per annum, which the presence of the occupying forces brought her since the Americans set the lead by paying in dollars for all requisitioned property and services. There was simultaneously imposed on her the Treaty liability to send to the U.S.S.R. goods to the annual value of \$150 million during the next ten years, in order to redeem the properties seized (on the often threadbare pretext that they had been "German owned") by the Soviets in 1945 and to a large extent ruined by ruthless exploitation and neglect. To get back her oilfields, which the Soviets appropriated often with little justification, and which they have ruthlessly and uneconomically exploited, Austria has to deliver to the Soviet Union in the course of the next ten years some £80 million worth of oil. Probably an all-time low in servility was scored when a Vienna boulevard Tabloid front-paged and banner-headlined Molotov's tour of the partially ruined Austrian oilfields as "Father Christmas Molotov looks over his gifts." Austria has now to raise, equip and maintain her own army, to replace the troops of the departing Western Powers. The reckoning is a long one, even when one enters on the credit side the \$1,500 million received over the past ten years in the form of American aid. Austrians naturally fear that little further aid will now be forthcoming to help a neutralized country to develop trade which must to a large extent be in future with the East, as it was before the last world war. It is the heavy price of freedom. Yet no patriotic Austrian—and no Westerner who, like myself, has lived among the Austrians observing the regime of exploitation, blatant injustice and ruthless tyranny which they have had to support for these last ten years—would consider the price of freedom too

high, even if it amounted to national bankruptcy.

The day after the signing of the Treaty I met many Viennese whose relief was tempered by the sombre question: "*Was nun?*" To these doubters Chancellor Raab offered some solid consolation when he told them over the radio on May 30th to pay no attention to baseless rumours of high taxes and currency manipulation. The burdens were indeed heavy, he said, but the State Treaty would not put Austria in a worse position than she had been in before it was signed, and might even bring more prosperous days. On this occasion Raab forecast ratification by the Austrian Parliament on June 10th, and by all the occupying Powers by the middle of July. This would fix the date for the completion of evacuation as the middle of October. Silly stories of "dancing in the streets" published outside Austria were never true, as I heard the Austrian radio proclaim in the gardens of the Belvedere where the Foreign Ministers were assembling, even though enterprising Press photographers managed to pose a few couples gyrating under dripping umbrellas that same evening. Not even so-called "gay Vienna" was in a dancing mood, still less the more sober provinces. There has been too much suffering, too many injustices for that. These were not forgotten even by that minority in the crowds which applauded Molotov as loudly as the Western Foreign Ministers. And anyway, for the curiosity-ridden Viennese, Molotov was not only a spectre committed to dissolving, but a spectacle. The sensation-seeking Viennese crowds had only recently shouted themselves hoarse outside the hotel of the Lion of Judah, rather incredibly demanding to see "*unseren* Haile Selassie." Now they were easily stampeded by communist cheer leaders into applauding the representative of the only State responsible for the long-continued humiliations—because he had at last set a date for their termination.

Western statesmen have naturally felt concern over what may lie behind the neutralisation of Austria. In the jargon of the moment, is she "neutral" or "neutralist"? In Austrian socialist circles, too, the gravest suspicions were entertained about the policy towards the Soviets of Julius Raab at the time when he succeeded Leopold Figl as Chancellor in 1952. When Raab then started to angle for invitations to Paris, Washington and London, I was told right away by one of his socialist colleagues in the Coalition: "Watch Raab. These projected visits in the West are planned only as a prelude to enable him to realise his real aim without arousing too much outcry—a journey to Moscow. He is playing for big stakes—a *Staatsvertrag* which is to be presented as a party triumph by the Volkspartei. To secure it he is ready to sell out the West and make Austria, not merely "neutral" but "neutalist." These Socialists were right—and, it would appear, also wrong. They read correctly enough the plan of campaign of Herr Raab who, though not in fact a peasant, is the embodiment of the Austrian peasant type—a man who thinks three times before he utters a word, cautious, calculating, far-sighted and a shrewd horse-trader. He has got his *Staatsvertrag*, for which he laid his plans at least as far back as when he succeeded in unseating Herr Figl and succeeding him as Chancellor in 1952. According to plan, he has quite unashamedly sought to exploit it as a Party triumph. But he has not—or so Austrian statesmen solemnly assured me—had to pay the price which the Socialists believed

he was willing to pay. Thanks to circumstances over which neither he nor Austria had much control he has got his Treaty on terms which the Socialists themselves unanimously approve and against which Western statesmen can raise no valid objection, even if some of them still feel a little dubious as to the ultimate outcome. Yet it is to the Socialists—especially to the Trade Unionists—that the main credit belongs for having borne the brunt of the struggle against Soviet attempts at mass terrorisation and for having overthrown the attempted communist *Putsch* of October, 1950. No one has been able to point a finger of suspicion at them over any such episode as the dubious "*Figl-Fischerei*"—as socialist wits christened it—of June, 1947. It was on this occasion, when things looked at their worst for Austria, that first Herr Raab, and thereafter Herr Figl, invited the communist leader Ernst Fischer to come along and let them know what terms the Communists would demand for lending their support to the Government, and in particular what ministerial changes they would require. Both the Volkspartei and the Communists admitted that this "*Figl-Fischerei*" went on without the Socialist partner in the Coalition being informed. It is no doubt the recollection of this fantastic episode which is largely responsible for such suspicions as may linger in the West as to what strings are attached to the present *Staatsvertrag*. For myself, I am prepared to accept the assurance of the Socialists (who spared no efforts to show up the scandal of the "*Figl-Fischerei*"), that there are none. Many things have changed since 1947. There has never been any question of consulting the little handful of Austrian communists over the Russian offer to sign the State Treaty. For their own purposes—partly to impress Germany with the advantages of "neutrality" but above all to launch their "neutrality belt" plans with a swing—the U.S.S.R. has at last given Austria her long promised Treaty, almost on Austria's own terms. Even the existence of a Communist Party in Austria was completely ignored by Molotov during his stay in Vienna. It is obviously true that extraneous considerations have forced the Soviets to reverse their entire attitude to the Treaty, and to abandon almost overnight the ten years of stone-walling which was an essential part of Stalinism. Yet it is well to recall that a democratic Austria—at least an undivided democratic Austria—would probably not have been on the scene to profit from these extraneous developments, but for the stubborn ten year resistance of the Austrian people to threats, terror and cajoleries on the part of the Soviet Union. The backbone of that resistance was unquestionably the social-democratic working class, whose leaders at no time countenanced any suggestion of compromise. No other newspaper but the socialist *Arbeiter Zeitung* denounced year in, year out, often to the embarrassment of more conservative circles, the excesses, kidnappings, violence and dishonesty of the Soviet occupiers and their pitiful tools, the little handful of Austrian communists. No other politician or editor could challenge the priority of its editor, Oscar Pollak, as candidate for the first Austrian people's democratic gallows.

Lest it be thought that my language is exaggerated, let me recall the circumstances of one—by far the most important—of several attempts by the communists to overthrow the State, with tacit and "discreet" Soviet support. I refer to the attempted *Putsch* of October, 1950, which I

followed on the spot hour by hour. I have refreshed my memory of the details from the admirable work of Vice-Chancellor Dr. Adolf Schärf, "*Oesterreichs Erneuerung, 1945-1955*." This book, which has only just appeared, is written quite frankly from the standpoint of the Chairman of the Austrian Social Democratic Party. It is completely documented, and is indispensable to every student of post-war Austria. It was in 1950 that the Communists realised that if Austria was to become a People's Democracy on the pattern of those established in all the satellite states by the end of the preceding year, this was the eleventh hour. Actually, it was already past midnight for them. The removal in 1947 of Dr. Dürmayer, a fearless resistance fighter in the Austrian underground, but a fanatical communist, from the key post (in which the Russians had installed him in 1945) of head of the political police, the flat refusal of the socialists to enter into any sort of "worker's union" with the communists who begged for it, and the stout bearing of the trade unions, had made the communist position helpless. American aid began to bear its first fruits in 1950 and the communists, discreetly backed if not actually inspired by the Soviet authorities, decided on a full-scale effort to seize leadership of the trade unions, isolate the capital, and drive out the Government.

On September 23rd, 1950, the communist organ *Volksstimme* called for the overthrow of the elected leaders of the Austrian Trade Union Council who had just reached a provisional agreement with the employers over a new wage-price agreement. The communist demands were backed by the neo-Nazi V.D.U. Party. The situation was complicated by the genuine hardships of the workers and their conviction that the Volkspartei leaders were backing the "bosses" against them and the Volkspartei's coalition partners, the socialist leaders. A general strike was called by the communists for September 26th, and attempts were made to seize by violence trade union headquarters in Upper Austria and Styria. In the provinces, Russian Kommandatures protected communists who had seized public buildings from ejection by the police. Terrorist bands of communists drove around Vienna in lorries of the Russian USIA trust, trying to force the workers on to the streets. To support them, the Russian Kommandature in Vienna issued a *ukase* forbidding the police authorities to move police from the Russian sectors into the Inner City, where the Communists had ordered a demonstration outside the Federal Chancellery. To avoid being trapped by the mobs, the Cabinet secretly advanced the time for the meeting of an emergency cabinet council from 10 a.m. to 8 a.m. and dispersed before the hour of ten, only Chancellor Figl remaining in the building. I watched the mob of some 5,000-10,000 persons to whom the communist leaders Fischer and Honner delivered inflammatory speeches, besieging the Chancellery for several hours. The Chancellor refused to receive their deputation. The police, though kept below the strength needed to maintain order by the Russian *ukase*, somehow kept control of the situation, although I saw several individual policemen obviously sympathising with the mob. A number of Red Army officers were on the scene, awaiting an excuse to order military action against the police. By the following day, Vienna had been practically cut off from the rest of Austria by communist bands in the surrounding Russian zone, who tried to block all traffic. In Vienna I watched lorry loads of com-

munists erecting street barricades of bricks and sand in the Russian sectors. The communist police commissars installed in these sectors by the Russians forbade any counter-move by their police; the police presidency was forbidden to send in police from the "Western" sectors to demolish the feeble barricades. "Activist" bands brought in USIA lorries from the Russian oilfields around Zistersdorf tried to storm trade union headquarters in Vienna. On September 27th the Trade Union Council called upon the workers to protect their factories from communist sit-down strikers. The police having been paralysed by the Russian orders, trade unionists, organised mainly by Herr Olah, head of the Building Trades Union, took the law into their own hands. In a series of lightning actions during the next few days they managed to expel the Communists from the factories, and then returned to work. By October 4th it was clear that the *Putsch* had failed. The American military authorities had declined to take the dangerous step to which certain conservative members of the Government had invited them and intervene against the communists. As I wrote at the time, and as Dr. Schärp now justly claims, the attempted *Putsch* was foiled by the workers alone.

As one watched the brilliant scene at the great reception in Schönbrunn Palace which followed the banquet to the Foreign Ministers on the night of May 15th, where the sensation of the Soviet surrender over the Austrian Treaty was already overshadowed by the even more sensational *volte-face* over Tito and the projected humiliating journey to "eat crow" in Belgrade, one felt that the real guest of honour should have been the tough trade unionist of October, 1950 whose stubbornness alone had kept open the possibility for this great day for Austria. And beside him should have stood, incongruously enough, the ghost of one of Austria's greatest reactionaries, Count Metternich. For his gift of statecraft survived on the Ballhausplatz the downfall and dissolution of the great Austro-Hungarian Empire. His successors during the past ten years kept clear vision and pursued the essential policy which was ultimately to free Austria—never to let the world forget that there was an Austrian problem, or that Austria was not occupied because she was distrusted but because the Eastern and Western occupiers distrusted one another and held her jointly as a pledge. They had always to make East and West see that it paid them both to keep Austria (unlike Germany) undivided. And they had to remember that Austria was anyway neutralised by the occupation and that neutralisation by Treaty was a happier, and the only practical, alternative. Thus, when the new men in the Kremlin decided that they were forced to make a change of tactics (such as was made when Russia entered the League of Nations and which seems likely to last for a number of years), Austria was still intact and able to profit by the unexpected switch in the methods by which communism seeks to achieve its unchangeable goal.

Vienna is full of rumours and anxieties concerning future Russian pressure. Western diplomats are deeply suspicious of the Austrians in general and inclined to think that the Raab-Figl Volkspartei leadership has sold them down river in order to placate the Soviet bloc, and that the formula of "neutrality on the Swiss model" will be used to the disadvantage of the West. To me it seems incredible that the Austrian Catholic Party, despite past indiscretions, should sign its own death

warrant by a surrender to Russian pressure to gain some very temporary Party advantages. Economically, someone has to finance the enormous economic burdens which have been forced on Austria, and help can only come from the West. At least, Austria has to walk the tightrope, but she certainly knows on which side the fall would be hardest, and the current distrust of her in Western circles seems to be at least premature.

But if, as Austrian statesmen insist—and as immediate post-State-Treaty minor events regarding refugees indicate—there are no strings to the Treaty, what will the effect be on the other side of the wire and mine-fields which part the captive from the free peoples? The former may well be encouraged to intensify the general ca'canny line—the friends of the Czechs call it “doing a Schwejk”—which in all the satellites is today the safest and most general form of silent protest against domination by a communist minority acting on the orders of an alien Power. By now the intelligentsia, at least behind the Curtain, must surely have grasped that the parrot cry of the masses to the United States: “Liberate us by force of arms” is meaningless in the atomic age. By now the masses behind the Curtain realise equally that the “peace” parades in which they are forced to participate have no message for them so long as “peace” is synonymous with their continued enslavement to the dictatorship of a foreign Power which is the complete negation of democratic self government. And the alcoholic exhibitionism with which the Soviet leaders marked the conclusion of their fantastic trip to Belgrade will do anything but reconcile the captive nations to accept their present enslavement as eternal. But it is to be hoped that the assurance of ultimate liberation which the events of Vienna and Belgrade have given behind the Curtain will not lead to premature attempts to hasten what can only be—at least at the outset—a slow and gradual process.

Vienna.

G. E. R. GEDYE.

EAST GERMANY REVISITED

THE decision of the Leipzig Fair authorities to revert this year to the pre-war practice of holding two Fairs in the year, of which the first, the Spring Fair, is primarily a “Technical Fair,” devoted to the exhibition, sale, and purchase of capital goods of all sorts, and above all of engineering products, provided me with an appropriate opportunity for satisfying a long-standing desire to re-visit East Germany, which I had toured fairly extensively in the summer of 1949, and to see for myself what changes had taken place there during the past four years and a half. What I had seen on the previous occasion was the Soviet-occupied Zone of a defeated and war-shattered Germany, in which the condition of the German was what might be expected in the circumstances, but which was on the eve of blossoming into the German Democratic Republic of to-day. There were far-reaching and ambitious plans worked out on paper (and to a small extent, as I saw on my travels, put in execution) for its economic re-habilitation, and for the consequent improvement of the condition of its people. What I wanted to see now was, of course, how these plans had worked out. As regards the former aspect of my enquiry,

I was fortunate in that my impressions were not restricted, as I had rather expected, to those which I might gather at the Leipzig Fair and in Leipzig, for opportunity was afforded me (as also to a number of other Western visitors to the Leipzig Fair) to extend, and perhaps to modify, these by visiting a number of other towns in the German Democratic Republic; and if my own direct experience was limited to Dresden and the ship-building ports of the Baltic, and has had to be supplemented, here and there, by that of friends who went elsewhere, it is merely because my other engagements did not permit me to devote more time to it, as I would like to have done.

My first impression, which was gained as I stepped out of the Hauptbahnhof at Leipzig, was of the striking improvement in the condition of the Germans, patently reflected in their *morale*, as might be gathered from the expression and comportment of the ordinary man and woman in the street. This impression must be "weighted," of course, to allow for the "Fair atmosphere" and for the fact that the authorities had naturally taken every step possible to impress favourably the vast numbers of Germans and foreigners who were there for the Fair. It required some qualification moreover, as will be described later, but it remains, nevertheless a not-exaggerated impression of what I saw generally in the course of my subsequent travels, including East Berlin. The explanation was to be seen at the Fair itself, which was an eye-opener to me, and must have been more so to any British visitor whose ideas about East Germany were limited to what he may have read in our Press, as regards the extent to which the German Democratic Republic is prospering, despite the handicaps resulting from the partition of Germany, from the impeding of its international trade, and from having had, for several years, to pay heavy reparations to the U.S.S.R., Poland and Czechoslovakia, for the damage and losses inflicted on those countries by the whole of Germany. It may fairly be stated, indeed, that it is because of the last-mentioned "handicap" that the East German Minister for Machine-Construction, Herr Heinrich Rau, was able, in his inaugural speech at the opening of the Fair, to declare "Our engineering industry is in a position to take on contracts for the supply of complete industrial plants of the most complex character, power plants, and so on. Our export of these to the under-developed countries increased by 50 per cent. in 1954, as compared with 1953, and is already to be doubled again in 1955, and it could be trebled." This point was re-stated at a Press Conference held a few days later by Herr Gerhard Weiss, East German Deputy Minister for Foreign and Inner-German Trade, who pointed out further that the German Democratic Republic is in a position to export also, to the under-developed countries, scientists and technologists to supervise the erection and bringing into operation of the plant supplied, and to train the nationals of those countries to replace them.

That these were no idle boasts and that East German industry is quite capable of making them good was made evident by the exhibits at the Fair—in some cases, of course, in the shape only of models or specifications—and by the fact that long-term agreements for the supply of large quantities of such capital goods were concluded, during the Fair, with, for instance, the Union of Burma, and were discussed in detail with, for instance,

India and Indonesia, not to mention the People's Republic of China, with which such exchange is already well established on such a scale as to justify the creation of an East German merchant navy for its transport. And it should be noted here, perhaps, that this expansion of productive (and export) capacity in heavy industry, which is new for East Germany, is matched in many cases by similar expansion in the light industries which are traditional there, such as those producing optical instruments and cameras, artificial fibres, textiles and porcelain. The famous Zeiss works at Jena, for instance, though 60 per cent. destroyed by bombing, and subsequently completely stripped of all its plant as reparations in kind, are now completely re-equipped and, with a labour force swollen to something of the order of 25,000 (largely women), are producing twice what they used to produce in 1939, while the Afga works at Wolfen, now restricting production to photographic materials and artificial fabrics, have more than quadrupled their output since they were taken over, after the war, by the Russians, and now employ 14,000 workers, as compared with the pre-war 9,000.

So far as heavy industry is concerned this expansion is the direct result, one way or another, of Soviet policy, which, though strictly in accordance with inter-Allied agreements concluded at Potsdam and elsewhere, has been the subject of misleading, hostile criticism in the West. In accordance with the agreements just mentioned, the Soviet Military Administration completely dismantled, and in some cases completely demolished, a number of industrial enterprises classed as "war industry," stripped others of their plant for replacement in kind of plant destroyed in the Soviet Union, Poland and Czechoslovakia, and took over yet others which were run as Soviet Limited Companies (S.A.G.), administered from a central office in Berlin which was responsible directly to Moscow, to produce goods primarily for export, for the receipt of which the Soviet Union, Poland and Czechoslovakia would have a prior claim. As the result of this policy, it has been reckoned, East Germany lost about 82 per cent. of her metallurgical industries and somewhere about 50 per cent. of all her industries, while 32 out of the remaining 50 per cent. passed effectually into Soviet hands.

The ultimate net result of this harsh treatment, however, has been to the advantage of the Germans. So far as the Soviet-run enterprises are concerned, a part of their profits was set aside for capital investment on a very considerable scale, to repair war damage and to expand production to meet peace-time needs, and then, in September and December, 1953, the whole lot of them were handed over to the Government of the German Democratic Republic and are now "People's-owned Enterprises," as is indicated by the letters "V.E.B." (*Volkseigenerbetrieb*) which precedes their names. Thus the East German people has come into possession of a large number of factories which it has raised from their ruins, modernised and expanded, and which are in full operation, with an assured market for the whole of their increased output. Examples of this, of which I have personal knowledge, are the V.E.B. *Schiffswerft Neptun* (formerly "Neptunwerft") at Rostock, and the V.E.B. *Schwermaschinenbau Karl Liebknecht* (formerly "Buckau-Wolf Works") at Magdeburg. The latter, when I visited it in 1949, was Soviet-owned, and its entire output

was going to pay reparations—apart from what was being set aside for modernisation and development—but already the trade union representative who showed me round, besides pointing out the many amenities then for the first time being provided for out of the profits for the workers, spoke confidently of the day when it would be “Ours.” To-day it is “Theirs,” and what is more, it is employing 12,000 workers, as compared with 8,000 in 1949 and 4,500 before the war, and has just been promised by the Government a grant of 25 million marks for still further expansion, in recognition of the fact that its order book of excavators is filled until 1962, and for diesel engines, until 1960, and that it will shortly be producing 5,200 h.p. marine diesels, hitherto made only by the M.A.N. works in West Germany. It had supplied France with a complete sugar-refinery and the director with whom I spoke was anxious that I should put him on to a good agent over here. Much the same had taken place, I found at Rostock, where the shipyard mentioned earlier had changed its title from S.A.G. to V.E.B. only after the former Soviet management had seen to it that the provision of a Workers’ Club which would take a lot to beat had been capped by the building of really excellent houses for the workers and of a fine school and hostel for its 600 apprentices, and where ships were well-advanced on the stocks for delivery to China (10,000 tons) and Bulgaria (4,500 tons), as well as for the new East German merchant fleet.

Where enterprises were demolished or dismantled, moreover, the result has been much the same. Faced with the necessity of providing employment for the people, including expellees from further East, and of paying for essential imports of foodstuffs and raw materials, the East German Government was not allowed to lean back on the Occupying Power (and its tax-payers), as happened in West Germany, but had to make the Germans work out their own salvation. And in doing this the latter have displayed diligence and ingenuity of which they may well be proud. Their dismantled steel works, which were reduced in capacity to about 6 per cent. of their pre-war tonnage, were already in 1952 producing 20 per cent. more than in 1938, and have since then advanced much further, thanks to the development of a new process for making coke out of brown coal (lignite), of which (as opposed to hard coal) there are vast deposits in East Germany, and of the low-shaft type of blast furnace, in which (for the first time on a commercial scale) steel can be made with this coke and with low-grade iron ores from internal sources. The shells of dismantled munition works have been re-tooled with machinery imported from Czechoslovakia and West Germany, or have been removed and replaced, as at Warnemünde, by modern shipyards, again equipped very largely with plant imported from abroad, with the result that the German Democratic Republic is to-day in a position to export capital goods of all kinds, as mentioned earlier, and to do this at prices which are increasingly competitive.

Such results as have been outlined could not have been achieved, of course, without considerable financial effort, of which the end has by no means yet been reached. The bill for the vast capital development programme just described has to be paid in exports, on top of those necessary for the payment of current importation. For the time being, therefore, the East Germans can enjoy but a relatively small part of the fruits of their labours, but the improvement in this respect is very marked, as compared

with 1949, when conditions were really hard for them: they are more than adequately fed, are reasonably well clothed and shod, and have money to spend on recreation and on non-necessities, once again on the market. In one respect only are they still suffering, and that is housing: post-war building represents a bare 10 per cent. of the housing destroyed during the war. One may feel very sorry for them, in this connection, but one can hardly pity them—and indeed the more thoughtful among them do not pity themselves—for it is not unreasonable that they should have been forced to give priority to the rebuilding of Minsk and Kiev, of Katowice and Gdansk, or of Most and Plzeň, even though, in the last two instances, the damage was done by the same people as demolished Dresden, before rebuilding their own cities. Account must be taken, moreover, of the fact that their Government has, perhaps not unwisely, decided that housing must take second place, after the restoration of the schools and universities, and their expansion to meet expanded post-war requirements, of trained scientists and technologists in particular. The people still grumble, of course, though much less (and with less cause) than they grumbled in 1949, but on the whole I found most of them—and most of them are still non-Communist, if not actually anti-Communist—inclined to feel that their Government was “delivering the goods.” Things have improved steadily over the past two years, *i.e.* since reparation payments ceased and the Germans became collective owners of some 77 per cent. of their industry (the balance being in private, not in foreign, hands), and because of this there is general confidence that they will improve still further with increasing rapidity. It is noteworthy, however, that this grumbling is confined very largely to the same kind of rather selfish middle-class people as grumble in Britain about the “hardships” inherent (for them) in the establishment of the Welfare State, and that the younger generation is almost wholly enthusiastic in favour of the present régime. If there were some equivalent of South Africa to which the grumblers could escape (taking with them their former capital)—and West Germany, suggesting this possibility, is tantalising in its appeal to them—the remaining majority of the East Germans would doubtless accept, even if they did not altogether approve the order now well-established in the German Democratic Republic, and would oppose strongly any attempt which might be made to reverse it in a re-united Germany. The importance of this, in the future, lies in the fact that such opposition would derive largely from the extent to which the people of East Germany have not only been chastened by their conquerors, but have been shown by them also how well they can thrive as “good neighbours,” and how much more advantageous it is to conduct cultural and economic exchanges with other peoples on the basis of “equality and mutual advantage” enunciated by their present government, than to embark on such warlike policies as have been pursued by previous governments of Germany, of which the disastrous results are still so much in evidence around them.

EDGAR P. YOUNG.

THE VICHY EXPERIMENT

VICHY bears the livery of defeat, treason and tyranny. A sad Odyssey began in May, 1940, as the Germans broke through at Namur and Sedan. The British retreated, the Belgians surrendered, the French replaced Gamelin by Weygand, fled their capital and met at Cagé to decide. Weygand insisted on an armistice. "An armistice!" retorted Reynaud. "Hitler is not Wilhelm. Hitler is Genghiz Khan." "We have a fleet, an air force, an empire. We can fight from Africa or America." Aged Pétain intervened. "I refuse to leave. I will remain amidst the people and share their miseries." They moved to Bordeaux. Treachery appeared. Pétain wished to stay "to protect France from German brutality and from English duplicity, for England would seek an armistice to forestall and at the expense of France." Roosevelt cautioned—Churchill offered common citizenship, in vain. Pétain formed a government of capitulation and asked for an armistice. Because "he would be less dangerous within the council than if he created an opposition without" he included Laval. The government moved to Clermont-Ferrand and in July settled in Vichy. Alibert forged Pétain's signature ordering deputies to stay. Laval proclaiming, "I wish for the victory of Germany," circulated the lie that England was seeking peace. So by forgery and deceit the Republic was dissolved. Weygand remarked: "I don't understand constitutions but anything coming from Laval must be evil."

Nobody expected the armistice to last years. All foresaw England speedily beaten and Hitler creating a New Order. Laval calculated to become French "leader" in the New Europe. Pétain remained idealist. "From disaster will come a renovation," he claimed, and inaugurated a National Revolution to undo republican harm. France was partitioned. At Paris traitors rode on defeat—Brinon, whom Cambon had accused of being in Germany's pay, Luchaire, Fontenoy, Fascists Déat and Doriot, soon supported by Ambassador Abetz whom Daladier had expelled for fostering a fifth column and who returned mandated "to weaken and divide France." They combined to blackmail Vichy into compliance, for a million and a half soldiers were in German prisons. At Wiesbaden the Armistice Commission sat helpless before the arrogance of Stulpnagel who taunted Huntziger: "the armistice line is a bit which we have placed in the horse's mouth."

The invaders behaved correctly. Placards admonished the vanquished "Faites confiance au soldat allemand." But their administration belied the surface correctness. France was Germanised: her clocks aligned to Berlin, her school books censored, Heines' *Lorelei* expunged, Debauvais paid to detach Brittany, the *Journal Officiel* submitted to the foe. Under Staffel the Gestapo settled in Rue de Lille. Hemmen began the economic pillage of the land; the Abwehr propaganda against England, Jews, masons. While the Battle of Britain was waged Pétain inaugurated the National Revolution. Parliament was dismissed. Law made by "We, Chef de l'Etat Français." He substituted Travail, Famille, Patrie for Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité, abolished the Rights of Man for the Rights of the State. Opponents were imprisoned, Jews and masons excluded from public life. Trade organisations, patronal or workers, were suppressed and

replaced by a Charte du Travail. An agricultural corporation was fostered. The National Revolution revealed itself a taudry imitation of enemy policy. Tyranny was legalised. Traitors urged Vichy to go further and declare war on England. Déat wanted France to become "the corn and playing field" for Hitlerism, and threatened to cover France with firing squads and concentration camps. "The birth of a new régime takes place with forceps." All waited for England defeated, Hitler triumphant, and wondered how France would fare. But the struggle continued and Hitler exacted his price. Vichy broke relations with the enemies of the Reich, allowed the foe to enter Verney refugee camp to wreak vengeance on Breitscheid, Hilferding, Thyssen. Laval gloated, "I can affirm with all my heart my wish for the defeat of England," and arranged a meeting between Pétain and Hitler at Montoire in October, 1940. Psychologically and emotionally it divided France even more than the armistice and the demarcation line. Staffel emphasised their handshake on screen and radio and the collaboration that bordered alliance. Hitler repaid Vichy servility. He seized the Belgian gold entrusted to her care; Burckell annexed the Moselle to the Rhine as Gau Westmark. For one moment Pétain asserted himself. In December he dismissed the hated minister and appointed Flandin till February, 1941, and then Darlan till April, 1942, as successors. Traitors now entered the government—Marion, Benoit-Méchin, Pucheu. Still there was no German victory and the fray widened. In June, 1941, Hitler invaded Russia. Defeat now showed its claws. The Germans ceased to be "korrekt." They shot hostages, fostered a black market to starve the defeated, imposed collective fines, created torture chambers and an atmosphere of terror. Their barbarism at Chateaubriand in October, 1941, provoked Roosevelt and Churchill to protest; "it shocked a world hardened to brutality." So in spite of Pétain and the curfew, underground movements began, *Liberté* by Henri Fresnay, *Liberation* by François de Menthon. In January, 1942, Fresnay contacted England and the *franc-tireur* created the first maquis. The National Revolution that Pétain had begun in contrition imitated the barbarism of the Reich. Pucheu founded a fascist corps which as the Milice under Darnand terrorised the land. Gamelin, Daladier, Blum were taken from Portalet to trial at Riom. It was compared to "Bazaine sitting in judgment on Gambetta." Francism and loyalty oaths dramatised and masked the reality. Yet it was only Pétain who prevented France declaring war against her former ally. In December, 1942, the U.S.A. entered the war. Only then did doubt begin about a German victory. Pressure increased on Pétain: "Laval or colonisation." "Pity me," he wailed; "I am a sinking man," and gave way. So in April, 1942, Laval was back in power and he placed his minions Bonnard, Bichelone in key positions. The foe had insisted on Laval, for only he could act as Germany's recruiting sergeant and secure *La Relève*, to send workers to Germany. Persecution of Jews grew so savage that in September, 1942, Cardinal Gerlier had read in all churches the Christian "protest of conscience." For the allied attacks were telling. From the BBC Bourdon and Schumann foretold victory. Even Laval began to hesitate. He offered to mediate between Roosevelt and Hitler against "Anglo-Saxon-Soviet bolshevism." But the Germans were ever alert and Karl Oberg arrived as Gauleiter. "I have not come to

negotiate: France must obey." So the submission of France had only served to emphasise her subservience. Sauckel demanded 350,000 workers, and exactions became so cruel that even his entourage turned on Laval "If the danger of colonisation exists, we have no right to colonise ourselves."

All heard with emotion in November, 1942, that the Allies had landed in Africa. Would Pétain raise the standard of Verdun? A plane was ready. His fatal prestige still palsied France. And the Germans crossed the demarcation line and the entire German apparatus of intimidation moved to Vichy. Pétain recognised his helplessness. He who had begun the régime as a Renaissance and ruled as a Bourbon was now a *roi fainéant* with the despised Laval as Mayor of the Palace. France was powerless. Under Boisson the empire raised the flag of independence, Laborde had sunk the fleet. And German defeat was looming. Von Paulus surrendered at Stalingrad, Juin liberated Tunis, Eisenhower landed in Sicily. In September, 1943, Italy capitulated. Hérold Paquis echoed Hitler's bombast and defied the allies to land. For the resistance movements had combined and although their gallant leader Jean Moulin was martyred, the maquis grew. Civil war raged. Aerial bombardments increased, one under Captain Mendès-France was horribly successful over Orly. Traitors recruited for Hitler and La Légion des Volontaires contre le Bolchevisme, La Phalange Africaine, La Légion Tricolore, La Waffen S.S. Française pitted Frenchmen against France. And still Laval manoeuvred. He now wished England and Germany to state their war aims for him to mediate.

In June, 1944, the allies landed. In August de Gaulle marched triumphant through the Champs Elysées. Bidault, President of the Council of Resistance, urged him to proclaim the Republic. "It has never ceased to exist." As defeat loomed, the Germans killed indiscriminately, they destroyed Maille, St. Genis, Oradour. Victor Basch, Zay, Mandel were murdered. Pétain in haughty powerless legitimacy sought reconciliation with de Gaulle, "to prevent civil war." His letter, by Admiral Auphin, was contemptuously ignored. Laval, frantic with failure, sought to summon the despised Assembly but the Gestapo entered Hôtel Matignon. Pétain was counselled to meet Eisenhower, to place himself in the hands of the F.F.I., but Runthe-Finke carried him off to Belfort. The traitors gathered at Sigmaringen, the Coblenz of the new émigrés. Hitler encouraged them with "secret weapons to hurl the Anglo-Saxons back into the sea." Over the Stuttgart radio Doriot claimed, "Germany has lost a battle, she has not lost the war." On Rundstedt's offensive they boasted they would be in Paris by January. But even the sanguine recognised they would return in the enemy's baggage, and the sober judgment of Mgr. de Luppé, chaplain of S.S. Charlemagne that "if France was to be clean then some 70 per cent of his flock should be shot." The allied armies closed in and there was a shameless flight. Pitifully Laval was refused asylum in Switzerland, in Lichtenstein. He sent a tearful appeal to Lequerica and a plane carried him to Barcelona. Of the collaborationists, Pétain alone asked to return. At Villorbe he was met by Koenig who refused his proffered hand. So France passed out of the valley of shame. Pétain's "demarcation trail" lingered on. Pétainists claimed he was the legal and

legitimate authority, "the providential saviour," that de Gaulle divided French loyalties and harmed France by his dissidence, that Pétain saved France from a Gauleiter and from being polonised, that the demarcation line gave a respite to Jews. Yet Pétain lent his prestige to a collaboration that wrecked unity. He ignored the potential of his *patrie*, for every colonial governor wished to continue the fight till discipline imposed obedience. Every submerged government continued the struggle except that of the one realm with the means to do so. And the armistice prolonged the war, while collaboration proved more costly morally, and materially, than combat. Reconcilers assert that both were needed for defeated France. "Pétain was her shield, de Gaulle her sword." Yet Pétain shielded traitors. Over their treachery he threw the aura of Verdun.

Although Pétain and Laval had rushed to the victor's help, they despised each other. Their relations continued institutional. Pétain loathed Laval for his lack of morals or principle. Laval called the Marshal "Old Schnock," while ingratiating himself by telling him he had more power than Louis XIV, which the senile "Chef" repeated as if he thought of it himself. Pétain was willing to be deluded. Age and hero worship had isolated him in the cloister of his legend. The legend was greater than the man. Yet the tragedy of France was not that Pétain was there but that forces existed to put him there. Before defeat gave power to reaction, the harbingers of destruction had planted roots. The *Action Française*, *Gringoire*, *Candide*, *Je Sais Tout*, combined with fascist armies from *Croix de Feu* to *Cagoule* to blaze the path of the foe. Vichy symbolised counter-revolution's triumph. Behind Vichy were the men, the ideas and the doctrines that had struggled to avenge and reverse 1789. It was buttressed by traditional supports, the army (Cardinal Liénart wondered, "Will there be another Admiral available to replace me when I die"), the church (Cardinal Gerlier claimed, "Pétain c'est la France"), and the notables. Historically, it marked Varennes triumphant, the *ancien régime* restored with enemy help. Pétain succeeded where Louis XVI failed. Yet "never was the Republic more beautiful than under the attacks of its successor." And the genius of France shone even in defeat. When the foe had submerged her material resources, her writers and artists nourished the world with their creations.

VICTOR COHEN.

THE CHARACTER OF LOUIS XV—I

THAT Louis XIV was the master-builder and his successor the grave-digger of the French Monarchy is generally agreed. How far was this due to his personal defects and how far to the autocratic system which he inherited? The answer is that no ruler in modern times was less fitted by character for his task, and that it would have required a superman to modernise the political and social institutions of the *ancien régime*.

The traditional conception of Louis XV as nothing more than an indolent rake presented by Michelet and other historians a century ago was modified during the Second Empire and the early years of the Third Republic by three voluminous publications. The correspondence with the Duc de Noailles showed his unflinching interest in the campaigns of the War of the

Austrian Succession. The *Correspondance Secrète*, edited by Boutaric, revealed that he pursued certain political aims, above all the election of a French candidate to the Polish throne, behind the back of his Ministers. Further light was thrown on these subterranean activities when the Duc de Broglie supplemented the evidence in his well known volumes *Le Secret du Roi*, based on the archives of his distinguished family. Since the secret diplomacy was a failure, for the fate of Poland was decided not by France but by Russia, Prussia and Austria, it is chiefly of interest for the light it throws on the King's personality. In the sphere of foreign affairs he was by no means a *roi fainéant*, but he lacked the energy and the self-confidence to attain his aims. The word Failure is written in capital letters over the whole story of the reign.

Louis XV was a lonely, timid man, desirous of the welfare and happiness of his subjects, infirm of purpose, never at peace with himself, giving as little love as he received. It was a misfortune that his parents, the gifted Duc de Bourgogne and the enchanting Rose of Savoy, died when he was two years old, that he had no brothers or sisters, and that he ascended the throne at the age of five. Deprived of the family life of normal children and surrounded by flattery he grew up self-centred, introspective, secretive, suspicious. "He has a nice face and plenty of sense but a bad heart," reported Liselotte, Duchess of Orleans, to her German relatives. "He loves no one except his old governess, dislikes people without reason, and enjoys making satirical remarks." The verdict was too severe, for though incapable of profound emotions he was not without feeling. His motherly *Gouvernante*, Mme. de Ventadour, won the affection of the pretty lad who addressed her as *Maman* to the end of her life. He was transferred from her care at the age of seven to a team of men with the Regent Orleans at their head, who did their best according to their lights but failed to prepare him for his duties.

Though the Duc du Maine, the eldest bastard of Louis XIV, had been selected by his father to take general charge of the education of his great-grandson, he played less part in the boy's training than the septuagenarian Marshal Villeroi who talked to him of the *Grand Siècle* and the *Roi Soleil*, coached him in Court etiquette, and impressed on him that he was the master of everything and everybody in France. Still more influential was his preceptor Fleury, Bishop of Fréjus, later Cardinal and for twenty years the virtual ruler of France. Teachers were appointed for history, geography, mathematics, Latin and Science; lessons on government were provided by officials of the Foreign Office and the Ministry of Finance under the direction of Cardinal Dubois, while the Regent himself occasionally took a hand. He was an average youth, idle as most schoolboys, preferring games to books. He displayed intelligence and vivacity but he had a temper, records Marshal Villars in his Memoirs when his young master was eleven. Shy and reserved, he was happiest in the saddle and cared nothing for society. He had no playmates and made no friends.

Occasional attacks of fever aroused anxiety about the succession, for few Frenchmen desired to see a Duke of Orleans on the throne, and physical precocity also pointed to early matrimony. The delicate child had grown into a vigorous young man who spent long days in the hunting field and inherited the ravenous appetite of the Bourbons. "God has

given us a King so strong that for the last year we might hope for a Dauphin," commented Villars when he was fifteen. "So, for the tranquillity of his people and himself he should be married today rather than tomorrow." The choice fell on Marie Leczinska, the penniless daughter of Stanislas who had once sat for a brief space on the shaky Polish throne and was now living in obscurity in the Rhineland on a meagre pension from France. The most astonishing *mésalliance* in French history was a shock to everyone except the bridegroom, who longed for a wife and cared little who she might be. For the first time there was a Queen of France without royal blood in her veins. "Monstrous," exclaimed Maurepas, and it was universally agreed at home and abroad that France had been let down. Though the bride had no pretensions to beauty and possessed little natural charm, her kindness and unassuming ways won general acceptance if not an enthusiastic welcome. That she lacked personality was not her fault, but it is doubtful if any woman could have won and held the affections of a full-blooded and handsome young autocrat who had all the beauties of a frivolous Court from whom to choose.

Ever mindful of her relatively lowly birth, Marie Leczinska suffered from an inferiority complex which she found it impossible to overcome. Though the King respected her virtues there was always a certain embarrassment in their relations. "Your whole confidence must be reserved for the King alone," was the well-meant advice of her loving and beloved father. "Never try to pierce the veil which hides the secrets of state. Authority desires no partner. You must no longer think except like him; only his joys and worries must be yours. Know no ambition but to please him, no pleasure but to obey him, no interest but to merit his affection. Your whole soul must be merged in his." She followed his counsels to the letter, provided her husband with ten children in twelve years, bore his numberless infidelities patiently, and never made an enemy. Love matches in the highest circles were almost unknown, and brides were well aware that their services were required to provide a male heir and for nothing else. Since there were no illusions and little affection there was little heartache on either side.

No one expected the young King who married at fifteen to remain faithful to his plain and timid wife for very long or to rise above the deplorable moral standard of the age. "Of twenty gentlemen at Court," records Barbier in his diary, "fifteen do not live with their wives and have mistresses, and it is just the same in Paris. So it is ridiculous to demand that the King, who is the master, should be worse off than his subjects and his royal predecessors." After a year or two he tired of her and longed to be entertained in the evenings when he returned from the hunt by a vivacious woman with whom he could feel entirely at his ease. Many of his subjects marvelled that he remained faithful for about seven years, a far longer period than elapsed between the marriage of Louis XIV and the surrender of the La Vallière. His first choice fell on Mme. de Mailly, one of the *Dames du Palais* of the Queen. "She was nice-looking rather than pretty," testifies d'Argenson, "good-natured and cheerful but by no means clever. When she had overcome her shyness she amused the King, and no affair has been conducted with more mystery and less scandal. She never puts herself forward and seems out of touch with her family

who are greedy for favours. Her ugliness scandalises foreign visitors, who expect a King's mistress to have at least a pretty face." The secret was fairly well kept till 1737, and in 1738, after the birth of Louise, the youngest of the royal children, she supped openly with the King at Compiègne. *La chose est publique*, noted Barbier in his diary. Marital relations ceased between the King and Queen, and for a time he seemed to have found just what he wanted. The vivacity of Mme. de Mailly was a welcome contrast to the insipid company of the Queen. But how long would the royal favour last?

For the first and only time in the annals of the French Monarchy the reigning Favourite was displaced by a member of her family. A younger sister, Mme. de Vintimille, more ambitious and more uninhibited, a Montespan rather than a La Vallière, forced her way into the palace. She was a masculine type, large-limbed and ugly, but the King always cared less for looks than for temperament. Tiring of Mme. de Mailly he transferred his affections to the new Favourite, for whom he bought Choisy, a snug little hunting-box on the Seine where he spent more time than at Versailles. Her triumph was brief, for she died in giving birth to the Comte de Luc, commonly known as *le demi-Louis* from his likeness to his father. It was the earliest grief in his life, and was followed by the first of the accesses of piety which were to recur at long intervals. "I do not regret my rheumatism," he exclaimed in a fervour of contrition; "it is in expiation of my sins." For a few days he sat in silence, ate little, and occasionally left the table in tears. The penitential mood passed as quickly as the grief. For the moment Mme. de Mailly, who took charge of her sister's child, recovered a measure of influence, but for a second time she was evicted by another sister, even more ambitious, greedy and unscrupulous than Mme. de Vintimille. When the King roughly remarked to Mme. de Mailly, "*J'aime ta soeur, to m'ennuis*," she left the palace, paid her debts, wore a hair shirt, and devoted herself to good works. "She has a good heart," noted d'Argenson, "is kind to her friends and relations, and has done no one any harm. She is regretted by everyone at Versailles."

Mme. de la Tournelle was the cleverest and the worst of the three sisters. Cool and calculating, arrogant and with more than one *liaison* to boast of, she resolved to extract the maximum profit from the most coveted post in France. She demanded and obtained recognition as *maîtresse en titre*, the title of Duchesse de Chateauroux, a house in Paris, jewels, a lavish monthly allowance, and the legitimisation of any children she might bear to the King. We can trace every move in the game in her correspondence with her uncle the Duc de Richelieu, First Gentleman of the Bedchamber, the champion Don Juan of eighteenth century France. The patient Queen, who had tolerated the eldest of the sisters, detested the woman who was forced on her as one of her *Dames du Palais*, refused to speak to her, and sometimes pretended to sleep. Her disapproval was shared by the nonagenarian Fleury who implored his former pupil to think of the prestige of France and the salvation of his soul. It was all in vain, for the infatuated ruler had become her slave. He loved her, testifies Choiseul, as much as he could love anyone. Furnished with a household of her own and provided with a large estate, she became Queen of France in all but name.

It was too good to last for in 1744, after a visit to the front where she had joined the King without permission, he was stricken by what everyone believed to be mortal illness at Metz. The crisis developed so rapidly that the Church assumed control and the sufferer, thoroughly alarmed, whispered to his mistress: "Perhaps we may have to part." The doctors, the clergy, the Royal Family and the King himself believed that the end was near, and Holy Communion could not be administered till the temptress had disappeared. After receiving extreme unction he obeyed the order of the Bishop of Soissons to summon the officials of the Court and representatives of the burgesses of Metz, and to announce to them that he asked pardon for his evil example and that the Duchesse de Chateauroux would lose her post in the Household of the Dauphine. The King displayed resignation, piety and humility, noted the Duc de Luynes in his diary; he embraced the Queen and begged her forgiveness for his misdeeds. Only God had been offended, she replied; let him think only of God. The fearless Bishop ordered that the confession extorted from the royal sufferer should be read from every pulpit.

The sick man recovered almost as quickly as he had collapsed, and his spirits sunk to zero as he pondered on what had occurred. Resenting the confession he had been compelled to make, his only comfort was the thought of the mistress who alone could restore sunshine to his heart. Back at Versailles he invited her to return. She would come incognito till her enemies were dismissed, she replied, and then resume her proper place. At this triumphant hour she was struck down and passed away at the age of twenty-seven, her terrible sufferings generating rumours of foul play, though peritonitis rather than poison seems to have been the cause. All Paris rejoiced, records the Duc de Croy in his journal. With the exception of her royal lover and her uncle Richelieu, everyone was glad to see the last of the greedy and vindictive Chateauroux.

G. P. GOOCH

To be continued

RELIGION IN HARDY'S NOVELS

THE Wessex Novels of Thomas Hardy have intense sympathy with sufferers and in understanding of human failings are advocates of love and hope. All is not gloom in the Hardy outlook for despite the waywardness of Wessex people faith in human endeavour is retained with the survival of inborn goodness. Early experiences of unease in personal contacts, the bewilderment of social change, and the sub-religious ideas of his day are all embodied in the Hardy literature, especially in country folklore, sometimes horrible, in which simple folk sought meanings in signs, mystery and magic. His defection from the simplicities of the Christian faith was never final, nor could he easily remove church and religion from the centre of life. Ancient Churches and their place in society figure as prominently in the Wessex Novels as intellectual agnosticism and the pre-occupation with death. The Wessex Novels embody a desire to retain the Christian faith as a satisfying philosophy, but are overwhelmed by the vastness of a blighted world wherein there is little

confidence in man's destiny. In *Two on a Tower* the history of two insignificant creatures is set against the vast universe which, while absorbed by it, neither understands. Viviette dies of heart failure, and Swithin, belittled by the magnitude of the universe uncovered by the telescope, forgets his love because of the circumstances of life. The Wessex Novels, while concerned with Christian values, make no profession of faith in the Incarnation, hence the adoption of a pessimism leading to nothingness. There is no hope of immortality for man revolting against the sin by which he is doomed. Wessex characters are live, warm people, attempting to live by Christian standards, seeking faith and courage but, losing the contest with human nature, excuse their weaknesses in an impeachment of God.

In the Wessex Novels people fit into a scheme planned for them, but not as puppets against a backcloth of old manor houses, churches and landscapes, but as essential features of a united whole. Egdon Heath, brutal and untamed as an unregenerate character, is the environment of Clym Yeobright, Diggory Ven, Eusticia Vye. Talbothays dairies and meadows, the insincerity of Angel Clare, the stupidity of drunken Durbeyfield, and Stonehenge, are designed as a setting for the betrayed, seduced, but innocent Tess: Gabriel Oak is at home among sheep and fields: Giles Winterburn is properly set among the trees he planted. The environment produces Wessex characters: mostly they are struggling contestants against fate. Gowned professors in procession are contrasted with the struggles and frustrations of Jude, destroyed by sensual passions. The newly rich, emerging from the transition from rural to urban life, are characterised by Alec D'Urberville, a menace to simple folk caught in the evils of social change. Donald Farfar used agricultural machinery to outdo Michael Henchard who resisted the advance of social change. Hardy, living at a time of reform, revolution, repeal of corn laws, increased facilities for travel, when a gulf widened between the working man and the Church and a new brotherhood encouraged a wider knowledge of others, possibly felt himself overtaken by social change.

Hardy had no redemptive message of evangelical Christianity, and though he saw "humanity hand in hand with sorrow" there was not the pity and love of the Gospel: he had no Saviour for man. His characters need separate existence as they reveal their need for the strength of the Christian religion he denied them. In childhood he had been influenced by conventional religion, taking his seat in the family pew in Stinsford Parish Church and holding mock services at home when unable to attend Church. At nine years old he attended the Dochester School of a nonconformist teacher: at fifteen won as prize Beza's Latin Testament. Evelyn Hardy says "Hardy was kept strictly at church until he knew the morning and evening services by heart as well as the rubrics and large portions of the Psalms. When he was fifteen or sixteen years of age he taught in the Stinsford Sunday School, together with the Vicar's sons." He retained interest in Church doctrine, studying the Greek New Testament for arguments in favour of adult baptism, and deciding that baptism, an isolated practice of a few in the early ages, was not binding on other ages. But he was not sure of his own conclusions, for he appears to argue against himself in the opening chapter of *The Laodicean*, wherein Paula refused baptism by immersion: and Tess enquired from her vicar of the welfare

of her dead unbaptised child.

Attracted as an architect to London in 1861, he took a Bible with him, and joined Richmond Church choir. In London he was influenced by Darwin, Huxley and Spencer, and claimed to know Mill's *On Liberty* by heart, thus laying the foundation for rationalistic thinking: Sue's revolt against Providence may have been Hardy's own reaction. At thirty he assumed an intellectual agnosticism which influenced most of his writing: *Under the Greenwood Tree* retaining a bright hope he never surrendered. Residence in London affected his faith, but did not completely free him from the influence of early training centred in the Church. A great number of Church scenes are contained in the Wessex Novels, some commendable, others envious, while, to evidence the lack of Christian values, a blackmail scene is set in a church vestry. Biblical quotations and reference frequently intrude and there are many incidents where Christian principles turn Hardy's biased world.

The Wessex Novels are the work of one who had lost faith in God and condemned to a "Blighted World," where no loving Providence cares for helpless innocents and man's good intentions were always defeated. Jude was punished for releasing trapped rabbits and letting birds feed in the fields; a dog which had followed the betrayed Fanny Robin was stoned away from the workhouse where she was dying and asking for the dog; and the plants Sargeant Troy planted in remorse for causing Fanny's death were washed away by a storm, "contemptuous of man's finer emotions." The seduced Tess impeached the universe, the debauched Jude blamed all save himself. "Its the universe—everything in general, Jude." The power of evil overwhelms. William Darc, in *The Trumpet Major*, is an unscrupulous son of the devil. Superstitious beliefs and black magic arising where no Christian faith exists. To Wessex people human problems are insoluble because of the circumstances of life. Tess, with the sub-title "a pure woman," an adulteress and murderess, was simply a victim of circumstances, but while being the story of a girl endowed with a fleshy body, defeated by events issuing from the accidental death of a horse and the despoiling of her own virginity while she slept, it is also the story of a girl who surrendered her inner fortress and betrayed her true self by evading personal responsibility.

Jude, defeated by a deficient knowledge of sex, can now be estimated apart from the controversy *Jude the Obscure* aroused when published as an outspoken tract on sex, when respectability ignored the seamy side of life. But more than a deficient sex knowledge encompassed Jude's downfall. He wanted to be a Christian but encouraged Sue, his pagan genius, to ensnare him. *Jude* is not only a story of a man bedevilled by the sexual passion of a woman, of a loveless marriage and illicit relations devoid of religion and charity, but a man who agreed to his own ruin. Tess and Jude knew of a finer side of life than the one they embraced. Tess wanted to return to her legal husband, and Jude read his Greek testament, but without faith they lacked courage to defy the hostile world and deny their baser selves. Hardy bound his characters to his own way of life using them as mediums to express his thoughts on life and the world, but they had an independence in their relationships to one another as they rebelled against social change, a result of the industrial revolution. Hardy desired his

people to live in a hostile world. The Wessex Novels are sensitive to suffering but without the help afforded by the Christian faith. In a letter to A. G. Gardiner, published two days after Hardy's death, he denied the charge of pessimism. "The optimists nickname for what is really only a reasoned view of effects and probable causes, deduced from facts unflinchingly observed, leads to a mental quietude that tends rather upwards than downwards. I consider, so far as my experience goes, conclusions about the universe do not affect the spirits which are a result of temperament. What does often depress me is the sight of so much pain in the world, constant pain; and it did just as much when I was an orthodox churchman as now; for no future happiness can remove from the past sufferings that have been endured."

There is the sympathy of a reformer in the Wessex Novels, conceived in sorrow, born in pity, but no redemption; hence the blind pessimism of one finding relief in nature worship and superstition with death the final end of all. But Hardy professed a value in church influences. "I believe in going to church, it is a moral drill and people must have something. If there is no Church in a country village there is nothing," said he to General Morgan when attending service at Stinsford Parish Church. There is little kindness shown to the clergy for while Cuthbert Hemsdale is a scholarly Bishop, faithful in his cure of souls, the general picture is represented by Christopher Swancourt, a blundering rector with no moral outlook, who instead of going to the church for a secret wedding stumbled among the graves "for he had got it into his head 'twere a funeral." Hardy's distrust of God endured to the end of his life for on his last day he requested the reading of a stanza from Omar Khayyám ending, "For all the sin wherewith the Face of Man Is blackened—Man's forgiveness give—and take." There is no evangelical religion in the Wessex Novels, and to maintain the theory of a blighted world, evil had to take its toll of innocent victims. Religion is placed outside the needs of man. An illiterate carter of Christminster said: "Tis all learning there—nothing but learning, except religion, and that's learning too, for I never could understand it." Wandering past the ruins of a Cistercian Abbey, Tess and Angel noticed that the mill was still working to supply food. "One continually sees the ministration of the temporal outlasting the ministration of the eternal." No Hardy character is transformed by religion, yet reveal their need of redemption. The seducer of Tess for a time was an aggressive Plymouth Brother but seeing the pretty face of Tess he relapsed to sensualism. Arabella, on the death of her publican husband, turned to religion, but meeting Jude reverted to a natural lustfulness with the excuse, "feelings are feelings. I won't be a creeping hypocrite any longer, so there," flinging a bundle of religious tracts into a hedge, "I've tried that sort of physic, and I've failed wi' it, I must be as I was born." Jude sought religion, but when he desired Sue "He might fast and pray during the whole interval, but the human was more powerful in him than the divine." The indifference of religion is expressed in an ironic passage where children are murdered while the choir in the nearby college chanted "Surely God is good to Israel." The Wessex environment and heredity are greater forces than the Christian religion. "There's summut in our blood that won't take kindly to the notion of being bound to do what we

do readily enough if not bound," says Jude's maiden aunt, and Tess might have ironically said to God with St. Augustine, "Thou hast counselled a better course than thou hast permitted." Sue acknowledged she was "a woman tossed about all alone with aberrant passions and unaccountable antipathies." Sergeant Troy's repentance was short lived because "Providence, far from helping into a new course or showing any wish that he might adopt one, actually jeered his first trembling and critical attempt in that kind, was more than nature could bear."

Wessex characters, victims of humanism, environment and heredity, unable to find their way through tribulation, merely end in a pagan death. Yet in all the gloom, defeat, pessimism, humanism and fatalism of Hardy's novels there is an unexplained mystery. Wessex characters are greater than their sins and failings, hungry for love and understanding, and capable of rising to great heights of sacrifice and devotion. Angel Clare symbolises this mystery when, in Biblical language "he came to himself" and realised that he ought to have dealt affectionately with Tess: "Thus from being a critic he grew to be her advocate. Cynical things he had uttered to himself about her; but no man can be always a cynic and live, and he withdrew them. The mistake of expressing them had arisen from his allowing himself to be influenced by general principles, to the disregard of the particular instance"; and he identified himself with her sufferings for the remainder of her shattered life. Gabriel Oak's "grim fidelity" and love triumphed over disaster and gloom. Marty South's love for Giles Winterburn, though unrequited and despised, was undying as she kept lonely watch over his grave, not grieving but rejoicing in the discovery of her abiding love and described in a passage of rare beauty and human insight. "She stooped down and cleared away the withered flowers that Grace and herself had laid there the previous week and put fresh ones in their place. 'Now my own, own love,' she whispered, 'you are mine, and only mine; for she got 'ee at last, although for her you died; but I—whenever I get up I'll think of 'ee, and whenever I lie down I'll think of 'ee. Whenever I plant the young larches I'll think that none could plant as you planted; and whenever I split a gad, and whenever I turn the cider, I'll say none could do it like you. If ever I forget your name let me forget home and heaven—But no, no, my love, I never can forget 'ee; for you was a good man, and did good things'." The message of life arising from death, and the triumph of good, ends *Tess*: the climax is not the inartistic passage of the President of the Immortals finishing his sport with Tess but with Liza Lue and Angel Clare hand in hand, going into the future, down the hill away from the black flag fluttering over the prison. Hope, faith and love bring *Tess* to a triumphant end, and there are many other instances where pessimism and fatalism break down under their impact. The Wessex Novels, presenting man as a fallen creature in need of redemption, prove the bankruptcy of humanism and its inability to help man in his perilous state. As a novelist Thomas Hardy reveals man's need for a Saviour.

FREDERICK PILKINGTON.

BLACK AND WHITE IN SOUTH AFRICA

IN puzzling over what is happening in South Africa today, one must not forget that the Nationalist Government is striving to preserve a small nation which it considers more worthy to survive than any other, a nation of about 1,500,000 in a country inhabited by 2,650,000 Whites, all told, 1,103,000 Coloureds (*i.e.* of mixed race), 400,000 Indians and 8,000,000 Natives. A member of the F.A.K. (Federation of Afrikaans Cultural Societies) declared recently: "The F.A.K. has always accepted that the Afrikaner nation is a special creation of God." That belief is common to most Nationalists and may be responsible for the bills, laws and regulations which are agitating both the non-Afrikaner inhabitants and also those Afrikaners who do not think as the Nationalists do. The Nationalists are conscious of perils all round them, such as hordes of Natives multiplying rapidly, setting up their insanitary shanties close to the European towns, hungry for schooling, pushing into the factories and stretching out both hands towards the White man's work; the British with "an anti-Afrikaans soul" and "divided loyalty"; the Churches (except the Dutch Reformed Church) bleating of equality and "teaching Natives, Indians and Coloureds to be White People"; the Provincial Councils and Municipalities with their long-standing "rights"; the Courts flaunting the Entrenched Clauses in the face of the Nationalist law-makers; Communists creeping off to Russia and returning to indoctrinate and inflame the ignorant.

Throughout his premiership Dr. Malan strove to safeguard his Afrikaner people from every danger, but especially from the danger of sharing the country with eight million Blacks. His policy against this menace was complete segregation and permanent White domination. Under the rule of Mr. Strijdom this policy is being pursued at a swifter pace. The United Party agrees that in this multi-racial community, with some tribal people lagging far behind, residential and social segregation is necessary and that, until the Native population as a whole has advanced much further, the White man must dominate. But they recognize that the Native is making progress, he is already economically integrated with the White man and must be given a clear hope that, when he has proved himself able to exercise responsibility, advancement will follow. Mr. Strijdom denies that there is economic integration and proposes as fast as possible to take the Natives out of the European towns to their own towns, even if that means moving the factories to the borders of the Reserves. He sees in the United Party's programme, non-committal though it is, only White leadership, which is nothing but treachery to the White man. Mere White leadership would not be enough to hold back the Black man. The eight million would sweep it away and soon lead themselves. "I say there is only one way the White man can maintain his leadership and that is by domination. And the only way he can maintain domination is by withholding the vote from the non-European."

"If the European population is to be saved by the present generation," Dr. Malan said, "it is now or never." The United Party think that the Nationalists, with their safe parliamentary majority, have now changed the word "European" into "Afrikaner." Both parties see the perils ahead

clearly enough, but the United Party do not approve of the bulwarks they say the Nationalists are putting up. They complain that the liberties of the individual are being whittled away, that the Provincial Councils, the Municipalities, the Courts are being by-passed, and, instead, that Ministers and their underlings, the civil servants, wield more and more power; that the means taken to stamp out Communism could be used to put down any form of political activity displeasing to the Government, and that the powers given to the police are a "flagrant encroachment on the rights of the individual"; that the Government is interfering with freedom of speech and freedom of association; that the Minister of the Interior, who is the chief censor, is even coming between the citizen and his reading matter and intends to have the last word in whether he shall go abroad or not; that all citizens, as if living at a time of emergency, have to hold Identity Cards, complete with photograph; that charges are clapped on postage while parliament is in recess; that income-tax forms now require the tax-payer to provide particulars of private assets and liabilities, bank balances, cash in hand, cash outstanding from debtors, money owed and bank overdraft; that parents in three provinces are not allowed to choose the language medium for their own children's education, and that, although the country is desperate for immigrants, immigration is discouraged because newcomers might not see eye to eye with the Nationalist Government.

Are the United Party right and, if so, is the Government compelled to take these extreme measures because trouble is imminent? Perhaps a glance at some of the Ministers and their tasks will help to clarify this subject. The responsibility for the 8,000,000 Natives, instead of being dispersed as formerly, is now consolidated under one minister—Dr. Verwoerd. He has been called a dictator, but he denies the accusation. As far as local authorities are concerned, he says, he has tried always to secure their co-operation but if they have failed to fulfil their duties they have had to be compelled to do so. Hence the hullabaloo over the transfer of Natives from Sophiatown, on the outskirts of Johannesburg, to the new Native township of Meadowlands. Johannesburg's City Fathers, part of whose business had been to look after Native housing, did not approve of insanitary Sophiatown, but neither did they approve of Dr. Verwoerd's scheme for removal. They had other plans and said so, not understanding that they had received an order. He alone may now dictate the site of a Native village, and order a local authority to remove one already in being. As fast as the change can take place Natives are, under the Minister, to run their own townships and serve their own people inside their own areas as best they can. The Native patriarchal system, which has greatly decayed since young men have had to leave their rural surroundings to earn money in mines and factories, is, under the Minister, to be restored by increasing the power of chiefs and headmen. The Native schools are now removed from the jurisdiction of the provinces to the hands of the Minister who, replying to anxious inquiries whether the new syllabus will be inferior to the White children's syllabus, says it will not be inferior; it will be suited to the "Africans' own needs," an expression which the Natives and the Churches would have been glad to have resolved. The Government school syllabus for beginners has now been published and, as far as it goes, seems on the face of it to provide a good all-round

start in education. But how will the older children fare? The old boards of White governors have been given their *congé* and Native governors are to take control of their own schools, under the Minister. How can he expect the Natives suddenly to produce the required number of well-balanced men to undertake this work without any experience is, in the opinion of the Churches, hard to understand, because according to Mr. de Klerk, now Minister of Labour and Public Works, the Nationalists have always regarded the Natives as servants.

"The Industrial Conciliation Bill" was brought in last year by Mr. Schoeman, then Minister of Labour under Dr. Malan. The Minister told some worried representatives of Labour who had sought an interview that he was willing to consider altering details of his Bill but the Government would not be intimidated into altering the principles. Following the rules of Apartheid, the mixed trades unions are to be split into Blacks and Whites. The right to strike is hedged about, and the Bill proposes to set up an industrial tribunal which trades unions regard as an administrative tribunal under the Department of Labour, answerable to nobody and by no means a Court of Law. When the Leader of the Labour Party, a man renowned for stability and strength, was speaking against certain features of the Bill in Parliament, the Minister of Labour, perhaps because he was uncomfortable, asked him why he had not troubled to read the Bill and said that he himself was convinced the Bill was a sound one.

Dr. Dinges, Minister of the Interior, is busy rooting out Communism. "The information I have is enough to disturb me," he says, without going on to enlarge his remark, and he takes what steps he deems fit. Before the new "Departure from the Union Regulation Bill" appeared, he refused a passport to Prof. Z. K. Matthews, Acting Principal of Fort Hare College (Native) to attend an international conference overseas; and he ordered Mr. Lutta, a Cape Town University student from Kenya (who did not concern himself with politics or fall foul of the authorities) to leave S. Africa shortly before his final examination was due. The Minister need not, and did not, give reasons for these actions. Doubtless he had reasons, some of which might have been revealed if only as a guide as to what sort of action one ought to avoid in order to escape trouble. Again, towards the end of last year, under the "Suppression of Communism Act," the Minister banned Mr. L. B. Lee-Warden from attending gatherings in the Union for two years. Mr. Lee-Warden, who was then a candidate for a seat in the Natives' Representative election, says he has never been connected with the Communist Party or Communism. Now the "Departure from the Union Regulation Bill" makes it an offence for any person over sixteen to leave the country without a passport and gives the Minister the right to withhold or withdraw a passport, without explaining why. United Party leaders have protested that the proposed measures are out of all proportion to the extent of the evil, but one must remember that the Bill, when it becomes law, will save the Minister a lot of anxiety; and the police declare that the danger is very real. *Die Burger*, the Cape Nationalist newspaper, regards the Bill as a drastic step which places great power in the hands of the Minister, but concludes that "circumstances leave S. Africa no other choice that we can see."

Mr. Swart, Minister of Justice, is also busy trying to exterminate

Communism. His "Criminal Procedure and Evidence Amendment Bill" gives even a junior constable the right to enter premises without a search warrant if he suspects that the safety of the State is being endangered, for if he waited to get a warrant a criminal might escape him. The Opposition would like to see some check on the abuse of these police powers, but the Minister can see no other way of assuring the internal security of the Union and the maintenance of law and order. Another clause in this Bill lays it down that whipping shall be the punishment for car thieving. The Opposition have two objections to this clause. Too much whipping is no deterrent and tends to brutalize citizens; and the Courts should decide the punishment. The Nationalists repeat that the new laws are, unhappily, necessary in the interests of the State before which the rights of the individual have to give way. It ought not to be difficult for these two opposing parties to find some *via media*; but Dr. Verwoerd has no patience with that idea. "What is the point," he says, "of holding consultations with people when one has decided that a certain scheme is right and is determined to carry it out?" And Mr. Van Rhijn, Minister of Economic Affairs and Mines, expands this view. The struggle between the Government and the Opposition, he said the other day, was a fight between Nationalist ideology and Imperialism. Those who said there should be unity between the two did not know what they were talking about. There could never be unity unless it was on the foundation of Nationalism. It was a fight that had to be fought out until Nationalism controlled every phase of life in the country and Imperialism was completely overwhelmed. "You might ask," he said to his audience of Afrikaner youth, "'Can they all be wrong and are only we right?' I would answer, 'Yes,' because it is a case of an ideal, and Nationalism is always right and can never be wrong."

The struggle continues. As recently as the 29th April, the Minister of Justice moved the third reading of the "Appellate Division Quorum Bill" which provides a quorum of eleven judges instead of five, as at present, in cases in which the validity of an act of parliament is called in question. The United Party regard this bill—now law—as an attempt to circumvent the Entrenched Clauses of the South Africa Act. The Minister "emphasized" that "the Government has never taken any unlawful step and has always observed the law of the land," and "in its future plans—has no intention of taking any steps which will conflict with the law." One cannot help agreeing with Mr. Strauss, leader of the Opposition, that it was a strange thing that the Minister of Justice should have to emphasize that he would not break the law. One wonders too whether the Minister remembers the warning which Lord Milner gave the British people 47 years ago: "I do not suggest they (the Republicans) will begin by doing anything sinister. All forms will be duly observed; as why should they not be? It will be perfectly possible for them, with the most complete constitutional propriety, little by little to reverse all that has been done, and gradually to get rid of the British officials, the British teachers, the bulk of the British settlers and any offensive British taint which may cling to the Statute Book of the Administration."

Now, with the "Quorum Bill" on the Statute Book, the Nationalists have, as everybody hoped or feared, hurried on to the "Senate Bill," which Mr. Strauss calls "a horrible political fraud." The Senate is to be

dissolved and then "reconstituted," not, as before, at Union, made up of an equal number of senators from each of the four provinces, but 27 from the Transvaal, 8 from the Free State, 22 from the Cape, 2 from S.W. Africa, 8 from Natal, 18 appointed by the Governor General and 4 elected by the Natives. Thus the Nationalists can see their way to a two thirds majority at a joint sitting of both houses. And, forthwith, off go the Coloureds from the common voters' roll, away fly the Entrenched clauses; and the Special Creation of God has a completely free hand.

East Griqualand, South Africa.

A. M. MACGRINDLE.

INDIA'S HIMALAYAN BORDER

WHEN the Chinese Communists invaded Tibet in December, 1950 Indians were shocked, angered and disappointed. They were sympathetic to Red China's social experiment. They expected the Communist regime to devote its efforts to economic improvements, not military conquests, especially not in the direction of a friendly neighbour. This hope had encouraged them to mediate in the Korean conflict. Was this invasion China's answer to India's peace efforts, they asked? More stiffly, Prime Minister Nehru wrote Mao Tse-Tung: "In the present context of world events the invasion of Chinese troops of Tibet cannot but be regarded as deplorable and, in the considered judgment of the Government of India, not in the interest of China or of peace." Mind your own business, Mao replied. "Tibet is an integral part of Chinese territory: the problem of Tibet is an entirely domestic problem of China." And he added a sting which hurt neutral and independent India almost more than the invasion; he asserted that India's official viewpoint was "affected by foreign influences hostile to China in Tibet." This insult aroused Nehru and caused an exchange of acrimonious notes which failed to prevent the total conquest of Tibet by the Communists.

India's and China's spheres of influence and interest are now clashing along a rugged borderline over 2,000 miles long. The Shangri-la quality of the area has given way to an atmosphere reminiscent of cold war. Exciting and sometimes violent changes are taking place whose dynamics both countries are eagerly trying to control. The tensions arising from this intense competition are only thinly veiled by official attempts to "regularize" relations across the ranges of the Himalayas. In April, 1954, a treaty was signed between the two countries to adjust India's position in regard to Tibet to contemporary conditions. She surrendered certain privileges of trade, communications, and police protection along the trade routes, inherited from British days, while the Chinese were permitted to establish consulates in India equal in number to Indian trade agencies in Tibet. The net gain was China's. But this was not the only significance of the treaty. Five general principles contained in it are apparently designed not only to govern India-Chinese relations in Tibet but to serve as the foundation of the "area of peace" in Asia which Nehru and now Mao claim they wish to create. They are mutual respect for territorial integrity and sovereignty, non-aggression, non-interference in each other's internal affairs, equality and mutual benefit, and peaceful co-existence. These promises are as old as diplomatic verbiage. No doubt the Indian

government intends to fulfil them. Does the Chinese? Nehru hoped it would, though he did not seem certain after his visit to China in October, 1954, and he was by no means optimistic about his "area of peace." But, he reasoned, if it is not to be peaceful co-existence it must be war, and he was willing to make a try for the first. His argument: "for fear of future conflict we should not produce conflict now."

Meanwhile many Indians are uneasy about the Himalayan border, once the "forgotten frontier" because it had never presented a serious problem to India. Nature and medieval peacefulness had made safe and friendly buffer states of Tibet north of the mountains and of independent Nepal, autonomous Bhutan, and the Indian protectorate Sikkim on the southern slopes. Revolutionary China and modern India are changing all that. Their influence is sweeping across the mountains and creating upheavals in the border states. Tibet is changing from an inaccessible and romanticized curiosity into an advance base of Communism. The peoples of Nepal, Bhutan and Sikkim are calling for national freedom, democratic government and social progress—strange sounding demands coming from people among whom the wheel is often still a novelty. But they find India and China in a responsive mood. For both these countries are in an acute if covert struggle for their loyalty. On the Communist side the People's Liberation Army in Tibet is working at a frantic pace building roads, constructing airports, ploughing fields, harvesting crops, erecting party palaces and humbler dwellings, drawing irrigation ditches, publishing newspapers, teaching children and rendering medical aid to man and beast. Intermittently it is fighting local rebellions by Tibetans denying "voluntary contributions" to their Chinese masters or objecting to Communist insults to their religious practices.

In general the Communists are wooing the people of Tibet more than they are antagonizing them. They are working with slow strangulation instead of quick killing of their antiquated but venerated institutions. They have to consider the feelings of the peoples across the border, related to the Tibetans and potential victims of Communism, and they have no alternative in any event. For the mountains and gorges and jungles and a proud sense of independence make the Tibetans difficult to subject. The absurd trick of the Communists of making deals with the medieval-like potentates of Tibet, and temporarily at least, sticking by them is paying dividends. The Communists are getting their way. The Dalai Lama, the collaborating Panchen Lama (first used as a collaborator by the Nationalists) and the upper strata of the Tibetan leadership realise their weakness. The Tibetan masses seem satisfied with the grant of "autonomy" in local political and religious matters, though they are becoming suspicious at the increasingly narrowing interpretation by the Chinese. Many a Tibetan is better off today than ever before because the influx of thousands of Chinese soldiers means business though often it also means less food.

At the moment it looks as if the Communist regime is succeeding where its imperial, republican and nationalist predecessors failed, in integrating Tibet into China. That it is entitled to do so is somewhat grudgingly admitted in India on the shaky grounds that at different periods in the past centuries Tibet has paid tribute to Peking and recognized China's

suzerainty. But this rationalisation heightens rather than relieves Indian anxieties regarding future Communist plans. For the tenuous bonds tying Tibet to China and now serving as the pretext for its "liberation" once similarly tied Sikkim, Bhutan and Ladakh (a part of Kashmir) to the Emperor of China. Many Indians are therefore wondering whether the Chinese will stop at the Himalayas or sweep down into the southern valleys. The answer lies in the future. An armed invasion from the north is unlikely now. Caravan routes are ill-suited to the movement of motorised armies. Only some of the roads from India to the mountain passes, but not across them, are "jeepable." However, they lend themselves beautifully to importation of Communist agents and literature. The most conscientious border police officers have difficulty in distinguishing between traders and pilgrims moving legitimately across the frontiers and Communist agitators plying furtively between Tibet and the border states. Only occasionally can they seize propaganda material or stop Communist fugitives from justice in finding refuge in Tibet. They can do nothing to stop new Communist radio stations atop the Himalayas from beaming propaganda south. Whatever the ultimate military intentions of the Chinese, they are using the opportunities offered their ideological attacks by the restlessness and dissatisfaction among the people of the backward mountain states. The governments of these states and the Indian government are aware of this and reacting. They too are building roads which could serve the purposes of economic development as well as military defence; establishing radio stations along the frontier, though for policing rather than propaganda purposes; reorganizing and improving their armies and stationing them along the Himalayan slopes. The small independent states cannot do these things adequately alone and the Indian government has been more than eager to help. It has, in one way or another, forced itself upon them. With his usual frankness and bluntness Nehru told the independent Nepalese as well as the Chinese Communists: "Where the question of India's security is concerned, we consider the Himalayan mountains as our border." Since they happen to lie on the other, northern side of Nepal and doubt could arise as to what India would do about that, Nehru clarified that "we are not going to tolerate any person coming over that barrier. Therefore, much as we appreciate the independence of Nepal, we cannot risk our own security by anything not done in Nepal which permits either that barrier to be crossed or otherwise leads to the weakening of our frontiers."

This is defensible policy for big powers in this nation-state world of ours. But it must make Prime Minister Nehru feel a trifle uncomfortable when he tells Western powers to stay out of Asian countries in the name of self-determination and sovereign right. And the amusing thing is that the realisation of this policy has quite logically brought the accusation from Nepal that her big neighbour is imperialistic. Most Nepalese do not mind too much the protection against invasion from the north, but neither do they cherish India's interference in their internal affairs which is inevitable in effective protection. How to make the best of this dilemma has become a subject of hot debate in Nepalese politics. Many Nepalese agitate against Indian influence and assistance. Some are looking to China as a counter balance. The government is playing along with the Indians, accepting their

generously offered advice and aid, and periodically reminding its citizens with an undertone of resignation—or so it sounds—that geographical and other conditions make Indian-Nepalese friendship desirable as well as inevitable. The Nepalese have just overthrown 100 years of feudalistic government by the spreading Rana family and, like their fellow Asians, refuse to exchange their own autocratic rulers for foreign ones. The fact that they have to thank the Indian government's intervention for the success of their revolt no longer affects their attitude. Since the exit of the Ranas and the restoration of their king from quasi-imprisonment to his legitimate throne, the Nepalese have become very sensitive on points of national independence and democratic government.

The king Tribhuvan, who played a leading part in the revolt against the Ranas, is devoted to the cause of democracy and social progress. His people respect him, but he is a sick man and appears unable to control many political leaders who are more interested in themselves than the advance of their country. The first steps to create the fundamental conditions for the country's development usually get lost in the maze of personal and factional rivalries, intrigues, and jealousies at the capital, Katmandu. The people are waiting in vain for the fruits of their revolution and are becoming impatient. Their restlessness and insecurity is exploited by Communists, reactionary followers of the Ranas, and bandits whose activities range from fomenting riots in the capital to creating their own local governments in the outlying regions of the country, inaccessible to governmental authority. Nepal is a fertile field for extremism and the Communists are not missing their chance. The political trend in the country, as its Prime Minister M.P. Koirala confirmed, "is definitely toward the Left," and is a cause of worry to the Indian government. Feeling constrained to counteract the trend, it is tactfully and benevolently but firmly taking a hand in the political, economic, and military developments of Nepal. Their activity does not make the Indians popular with many Nepalese but it makes the Indians feel safer.

In the other border states India has an easier time. They are less developed and vocal than Nepal, they are not as cynical strategically, and India has better rights to run their affairs. Free India inherited the British protectorate over Sikkim, "Gateway to India." The Maharaja of Sikkim himself called for its continuation in 1949 when his people got out of hand in a revolt against the oppressive landholders who ran and ruined the country. With the aid of an Indian Dewan, or Prime Minister, John S. Lall (brother of India's present permanent delegate to the U.N.) the medieval regime of the landlords was changed into one in which the peasants own the land they farm. Their former outrageous taxes have been reduced to reasonable proportions and serve to build schools, hospitals, and roads. The news trickling out of the shut-in little land of seventy by forty miles square indicates that its 150,000 inhabitants are reasonably happy. Their three political parties have yet to agree on what kind of government they want, and when they have done so the long expected elections will probably take place. Meanwhile the people make a hard living by farming and trading with the caravans which arrive regularly over the two 14,000 foot high passes from Tibet. Indian troops and frontier police are carefully checking that only commercial, not ideological, traffic is

passing across the border.

Bhutan is the poorest, most undeveloped and isolated of the border states. Here, too, India is entitled by treaty to take care of the state's international affairs, if any, which in Indian interpretation includes defence. But in this respect the task is easy. Bhutan is reputed to be the world's most remote and independent kingdom. It can be entered by only two roads. The easier, from Sikkim, is over 14,000 feet high and the first town, Paro, can be reached after nine days travel on horseback, while the capital Punakha is a few days further away along the road—if the road is still there. For, in a neat division of labour, wild elephants periodically tear it out and tigers hamper its reconstruction. No wonder few visitors have ventured into Bhutan. The people have hitherto lived undisturbed by outsiders under an absolute feudal regime, supervised by the Indian political officer in Sikkim, and supported by an annual payment of half a million rupees from the Indian government. Only a few years ago Bhutanese laws ordained that murder be punished by a minor fine and criticism of the government by drowning in the nearest river. But now even here news from India and China has penetrated and created the first stirrings of nationalism and a desire for modernisation.

Furthest to the east of India's Himalayan border lies the Indian province of Assam. Its northern area is inhabited by tribes whose major mission in life, until a year ago, was to hunt for the heads of neighbouring tribes. In submitting to Burmese and Indian frontier troops they confirmed their future peaceful intentions by touching a lion's tooth and having one last meal of ancestor's bone. But they remain a mighty independent folk and are agitating, duly stimulated by Communists, for their own autonomous state. They have friction with the Indians, the people in the plains to the south, neighbouring tribes. They do not feel attracted to India. Rather their linguistic, social and cultural affinities orient them toward Tibet. For this reason, not because of Communist appeals, they may cause trouble in India's border region. Furthermore, there is uncertainty about the exact location of the frontier in some parts of this area. So at least say the Chinese whose maps show stretches of territory as Chinese which the Indians claim as their own. The uncertainty started when Sir Arthur Henry McMahon drew a line in 1914 which was recognised in a Convention by the Tibetans but not by the Chinese. So far, however, Peking has been conciliatory on this point in the face of Nehru's assertion that he would not allow anybody to come across that boundary. "The McMahon line is our boundary, map or no map." This determination of Prime Minister Nehru and his government is characteristic for their policy in relation to the Himalayan border. Their activities are not widely publicised, though if they were it might help in rectifying the erroneous notion abroad that Indians are surrendering to the Chinese Communists on all points. They are drawing the line and stand up to China when they consider their vital interests involved, as they obviously do in the case of the north-east frontier. Their political, economic, social, and military aid and preparation indicate a resolve to immunise the Himalayan states against Communism by democratic means and to defend them against it by force if necessary.

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THE ELEGANCE OF PARMA

HERE lingers still over this enchanting and friendly city, once the almost royal capital of a Duke, an atmosphere of dignity and charm. The Parmigiani are kindly and proud of their city, delighted to give the wandering traveller all the information he requires. One feels in Parma, as in many of these once self-contained little principalities, that the first loyalty of the inhabitants is to the city; they are Parmigiani before they are Italians. Fortunately rather off the beaten track, Parma is easily reached in about four hours by the long distance ordinary coach service from Milan. The road runs across the flat Lombard plain through vineyards and cultivated fields where grows a variety of crops, from tomatoes to rice and tobacco. The coach stops just outside the old part of the city. Parma, the old city, is tiny. You can walk across it from the station to the by-pass road for through traffic in twenty minutes if you can resist the lure of side streets full of golden baroque façades, of enchanting courtyards with tubs of oleanders and geraniums, cascades of bourgainvillea, behind wrought iron gates, of delicious vistas of green branches nodding above rose-gold walls. For Parma, apart from its better known attractions for the picture lover and antiquary, is above all a place to wander in and find places to remember with affection.

If pictures mean anything to you a first morning should be spent in the Palazzo Pilotta, once the palace of the Farnesi, Dukes of Parma. It now holds the remains of their collection of paintings, MSS and books, as well as additions made by the municipality from time to time. There is also a statue of the Empress Marie Louise, last Duchess of Parma, who was given this city and its lands as a consolation prize for the loss of France when Napoleon was exiled. Her placid, bovine, Teutonic features in marble by Canova show no sign that she regretted the change. She reigned for thirty-two years over Parma and was much beloved. There is a book to be written about this strange woman, who apparently without a qualm abandoned her only son, a small child, to exile in Vienna, though she continued to receive from him letters of such touching affection and dutiful humility as would have driven any normal mother insane with longing. There was much of the cow in Marie Louise. The first great entrance hall of the palace is practically walled with enormous paintings by Manzuola, chiefly sacred subjects, and rather badly hung, so that it is hard to get a good light on them. Sir Osbert Sitwell has praised the Pilotta authorities for cramming their rooms in the old fashioned way with as many pictures as they will hold, thus giving the traveller salutary trouble in seeking and selecting. There is much to be said for this theory and in the chase one can learn a great deal about art. But now Parma has come into line with fashion. The row of small rooms, grey-walled, newly built since the war, contains the greater part of the collection. Worth noticing for their historical interest are the family portraits of the Farnesi who appear to have been a fair- or brown-haired race with blue or light hazel eyes. Bellotto and his uncle, Canaletto, are well represented, the former with some fine architectural studies of Rome with the oddly thunderous glowing light and deep shadow that is characteristic. There are several Sustermans who always give the

impression that his likenesses must have been, as well as fine paintings, pleasant possessions to have in the family. There is an interesting pair of portraits by an unknown seventeenth century Spaniard of a man and a woman. She especially is enchanting, dressed in black with a gold lace bertha and three mourning rings on her beautiful hands, one of which plays with a lace handkerchief. Her eyes are black and enigmatic, the expression of her face is charming and intelligent. It is a pity that with such a fine piece of work the names of both subject and artist should be unknown. The celebrated and amusing Zoffany, *Strolling Players' Concert*, is also hung in these rooms and is a composition of verve and great character worthy of a better light.

Crossing back through the great hall you come to the old part of the palace, once the private apartments of the family, rooms of beautiful proportions and with a fine north light for the pictures. Here is the lovely Madonna of St. Jerome, by Correggio, an artist insufficiently appreciated nowadays. But in any age it is difficult to see how critics could carp at the composition or technique of this most joyous painting. It does not portray ecstasy, it radiates quiet domestic happiness, a quality rare in sacred pictures. There is a happy restfulness in the expression of St. Catherine as she kneels with her cheek laid against the side of the Holy Child Whose hand lies caressingly but negligently on her hair. His attention is on the open book which a proudly smiling boy angel holds out and the Baby finger points to something on the page that attracts Him. The angel's smile has that delighted appreciation of an elder brother in the intelligence of a younger member of the family. The Madonna sits quietly relaxed in gentle pride, the Holy Child on her knee. The group is dominated by the great guardian figure of St. Jerome, naked but for a dark blue loincloth, attended by his legendary lion. Over them is spread a dark red awning with a glimpse beyond of a countryside with the pillared portico of a house and blue mountains in the distance. Perhaps the group of figures is a little crowded into the foreground, but otherwise it seems a perfectly faultless painting. There is even a touch of humour in the pouting expression of the small angel holding a pewter jug behind St. Catherine. After this Correggio even the grace of the Leonardo sketch of a girl's head is dimmed for some people, but that on the other hand can easily be the chef d'oeuvre of the collection for others.

Before leaving the Pilotta no one with any interest in theatrical matters should fail to visit that scene of present tragedy, the Farnese theatre. Built by the Farnesi in 1618 to the design of Gianbattista Aleotti, a pupil of Palladio, it came into being thirty years later than the master's own famous Teatro Olimpico at Vicenza. The Olimpico is small, almost a model for a theatre with its brilliant use of perspective to draw out the three vistas on the stage. The Farnese was on a far grander scale. It could seat 4,500 people and its stage was plain, without vistas, surrounded with a grandly decorated proscenium arch of pillars and statuary which enclosed the players in a magnificent frame of gold and colour. Everything in the building was of wood, painted and gilded, gay and charming, though perhaps growing a little dark with the passage of years. But the Farnese was unique in the world, marking a phase of theatrical history. Now it is gone. In 1944, during a raid on the railway yards, a bomb fell

through the roof and burst in the auditorium. The theatre practically exploded. Devastation was almost complete. Today the visitor creeps through a small door under the great archway, over which is a gilded and painted coat of arms at the head of the marble stairs of the palace, and inside is horrified at the scene of desolation that meets the eyes. You stand approximately twenty feet below the original floor of the stalls, and all around, neatly arranged, are the remnants of the decorations; a tidy line of the decapitated heads of kings carved to be viewed from a distance and probably coming from the row of tall figures that topped the cornice. Two equestrian figures high above and more or less intact still cling to the walls at the level of the boxes. Beyond the proscenium arch yawns the empty stage and one or two painted figures point mutely to the deserted boards, while on the floor a dusty, tattered pair of crimson tassels adheres to the relic of the woodwork of the proscenium arch. Pigeons fly through the broken windows and seem to add to the air of desolation. The custodian will tell you that plans are in hand for restoration, but the cost would be fantastic, and it seems that the spirit of the place has fled. Too much has disintegrated into dust.

Depressed, inevitably, by the sad sight, it is a good thing to cross the square outside the palace towards yet another joyful work of Correggio, the frescoed refectory of the Convent of S. Paolo. The Abbess who commissioned Correggio to paint the walls and ceiling was Giovanna da Piacenza; she is a woman of whom one would like to know more. It is possible that her nuns were not of a strictly enclosed order; they may even have been some of those ladies of good family who retired from the world when their families became tiresome. Abbess Giovanna must have believed in the beneficial effect of eating in pleasing surroundings. The ceiling and walls are covered with delightful frescoes, rich swags of fruits and flowers, trellised roses and plumply bouncing amorini. Near the Convent is the theatre that Marie Louise built for her people, the Teatro Regio, a neo-classic building of 1829 in golden stone. Its architect was Nicolo Bettoli. Along the main façade is a pillared arcade and a row of pedimented windows above. Over these a three-light arched window separates two swirlingly draped figures who fly towards each other blowing trumpets. Otherwise the façade of the Regio is simple but the interior decorations are very sumptuous. Nowadays it is the musical centre for the city that produced Verdi and Toscanini and honours them.

Almost facing the Regio is one of the finest baroque churches, of which there are many in Parma; the Steccata, built by Zaccagna in 1539, with its great ammonite buttresses slightly recalling the Salute, in Venice. It was modified in the eighteenth century but has lost none of its charm. Inside there are some very fine frescoes by Parmigianini. There are other lovely examples of baroque churches to be seen; S. Pietro, Sta. Alessandria, Sta. Cristina, and the Sta. Trinita della Rosario close by, and the Annunziata just across the river. Sir Osbert Sitwell found in the Steccata a very French quality and it is true that the atmosphere of eighteenth century France is very marked in Parma and is part of its attraction. If you enjoy this atmosphere then there is nothing more delightful than a stroll down the Via 22 di Luglio, close to the Piazza Garibaldi. Here are more of those fascinating palaces and houses with

pillared porticoes and courtyards with wrought iron gates allowing glimpses into gardens hidden away behind red-gold walls. The road ends in the Strada dei Martiri and here you should turn right, following a wall till you come to a fence enclosing a garden with high trees and shrubs half hiding the flowers beyond. This is the ancient Giardino Botanico Reale, not mentioned in any guide book. The entrance is a few yards up the Via Farini, under the archway of a house, and a pull at the old fashioned bell will eventually bring the gardener.

Though not strictly speaking open to the public the botanical scientists who use the garden for experimental research are very willing to allow a visitor to walk around. It is a place that lends itself to that gentle meditation for which it was planned by the Empress Marie Louise so that she could shed Court ceremonial and come to sit quietly by herself. The great ginkgo could have been planted by her. It is more than a hundred years old. Frogs splash and snore in the long lead tank where blue lilies and pink lotus bloom while tubs of plumbago stand near. Shingle paths lead past the old decaying orangery and on amongst the trees, and the windows of an eighteenth century palace look down on to this very quiet spot. From the gate into the Farini a few minutes brings you to the Piazza where, if it is evening, everyone is foregathering for aperitifs, and the idea of dinner is in the air. There are many local specialities that are excellent. The best ham in Italy is produced in this region, and a variety of fine cheeses. Parma specialises in chicken dishes—Modena nearby is famous for the fowls it raises—and in season there are some wonderful truffle concoctions that should not be missed. Of wines there is the best of the white Soaves, red Valpolicella and the Recciotto di Valpolicella, while if your taste is for the unusual, the red, sparkling Lambrusco should be tried. Parma is known for Parmesan cheese, and for its Parma violet scent. This last the Empress Marie Louise introduced; indeed it is said that the oddly curled and frizzed violet was bred especially for her. She certainly founded the first perfume factory here. Beyond the river, across the Ponte Verdi, is the entrance to the Giardino Publico, once the garden of the Palazzo del Giardino, the ducal summer palace. This palace has some lovely painted rooms, but is unfortunately closed to the public, being a military college, but the gardens are in the best Italian style and are open. In the day time they are very quiet, shady and green. Water, statuary and trees give a cool restfulness that can be welcome after a warm day's sight-seeing. Apart from its eighteenth century delights there is for the enthusiast great interest in the Duomo, Baptistry and the church of St. John the Evangelist, all of the greatest period of Romanesque, dating from the twelfth century, with fine contemporary carvings and later frescoes by Correggio. But they should be kept apart from the rest and visited when in the special mood. They are well worth while.

CECILIA KNOWLES.

THE PROBLEM OF OLD AGE

A GENERATION ago the welfare of the aged was accepted as a personal and family responsibility. Those who could no longer fend for themselves and for whom the family did not care had to resort to the Poor Law, unless private charity came to their rescue. Now under

our Welfare State there are retirement pensions (or old age pensions), national assistance and a variety of local welfare services—some provided by local authorities and some by voluntary organisations. The problem of old age is, however, more than a personal problem, it is a national problem both in this country and in all parts of the civilised world. There are signs of it becoming a problem even among some of the backward races. In 1911 there were in Great Britain $2\frac{3}{4}$ million persons over pensionable age (men, 65, women 60). That is 67 per 1,000 of the population. In 1951 there were over $6\frac{1}{2}$ million—135 per 1,000. In 1977 it is estimated there will be nearly $9\frac{3}{4}$ million—about 195 per 1,000.

The cost of pensions, apart from the comparatively small proportion which is met by contributions, is met by the National Exchequer and is increasing rapidly. The total was only £7 million in 1910. By 1930 national pensions were costing ten times this in terms of money and about five times allowing for the fall in the value of money. Now the total cost of pensions, including occupational pensions schemes, is a little under £500 million. A further £50 million is spent in national assistance to the elderly. The joint total represents about 4 per cent of the national income. It seems that by 1979 there may be a total outlay at present prices of at least £1,000 million, which represents about 7 per cent of the present national income, or as suggested by the *Phillips Committee between 5 and 6 per cent of the then national income. That Committee pointed out that in a sense the burden of old age involves the transfer to the elderly of income currently derived from the exertions of others.

The Committee posed the following questions:—

- (a) What can or should this generation do to ease the task of the next in providing for the elderly?
- (b) What can a future generation afford to do for the elderly out of its resources without due strain?

Medical evidence and the number of elderly people who do in fact work until ages well beyond minimum pension ages indicate that over a wide field these do not by any means represent the limit of working life. †Six men out of every ten reaching age 65 stay at work and many of those who retire would like to remain at work. If a person goes on working after reaching pensionable age he will be entitled to a higher pension when he retires. But if he retires at 65 he may not earn more than 40 shillings a week and draw his full pension whilst under 70. At that age the pension is payable whether a man has retired from work or not. Of all the men taking retirement pensions about 21 per cent are still working at that age. The Phillips Committee, by a majority, thought that some increase in the present minimum pension ages is inevitable and recommended that provision should now be made to raise the ages at which the standard rate of pension can be claimed by one year after an interval of not less than five years, and that the ages should ultimately be raised in the same way to 68 for men and 63 for women. This view has not, however, been accepted by the government.

But the cost of old age to the State is only one part of the financial problem. Local authorities provide a variety of services for the elderly as for others who are sick, needy or handicapped. Hospital provision for the aged is the responsibility of the Minister of Health acting through the

regional hospital boards as for others who need this service. Unfortunately there is a general shortage of hospital beds and when priorities for admission are considered it is generally the old person who fails to be admitted. In most parts of the country it is not, however, a matter of actual shortage of accommodation but of the "right person being in the right bed" to use the words of a valuable report made by the British Medical Association several years ago. Many hospitals beds are occupied by persons who need not be there. In some hospitals, due to the pioneering work of certain doctors, now formed into the Medical Society for the Care of the Elderly, and with the support of the Ministry of Health geriatric units have been established in which the elderly sick are received. It is then found that many of them, after proper diagnosis and treatment, need only be in hospital for a short time and can either return to their own homes or to some form of residential home. Here, however, is a difficulty. It is the responsibility of county councils and county borough councils to provide residential care for those who "need care and attention." There are now some 1,400 small Homes provided for this purpose of which about 600 are administered by voluntary organisations. There is also accommodation in former poor law institutions. But some local authorities have not yet fully accepted responsibility for the residential care of those who are frail or perhaps senile and who may at times be bedridden. They do not always recognize that old people who cannot benefit from hospital treatment and would be in their own homes if they had anyone to look after them, should be looked after in a residential home provided by a local authority or by a voluntary organisation. Clearly, however, local authorities cannot be expected to look after persons who need prolonged nursing care and it should be made easier for such persons to obtain admission to hospital.

Difficulties sometimes arise as to whether a particular old person should be admitted to a local authority Home or to hospital. Even after the National Health Service has operated for over six years there are only a very few areas where the sensible course has been adopted of the regional hospital board and the local authority agreeing on the joint appointment of a doctor who has the responsibility of deciding in any case whether a person should go to a Home or hospital and in arranging the admission.

Local Services.

Local authorities are doing much to help old people to remain in their own homes. Housing authorities are to an increasing extent providing small houses and flats specially for old people but more are required. Local health authorities are providing home helps and home nurses. The greatest demand for the home help service comes from the aged and from the chronic sick, many of whom are provided with this service for an indefinite period. In some areas a night service is available where sitting-up with an old person is required and where there are no relatives or friends available to undertake it. This is arranged in many parts of the country by voluntary organisations which help in the payment of the charges and to an increasing extent is being provided by local authorities.

Fortunately there is still a wealth of voluntary effort in this country and through over 1,100 old people's welfare committees, which are largely the offspring of the National Old People's Welfare Committee, and through other organisations, such as the Women's Voluntary Service, and the British

Red Cross Society, much is being done in co-operation with the officers of the local authorities. One of their main objects is to help to alleviate loneliness from which so many old people suffer—both in town and village—amongst the poor and sometimes amongst those who are better off. Friendly visiting is being arranged by local old people's welfare committees in most parts of the country but they need more helpers. Those who are themselves elderly may sometimes be able to offer their services to helping others who are less fortunate than themselves. Not every old person wishes to be visited but there are many who live alone who welcome a regular friendly visitor. Sometimes the visitor takes less active old people by car or wheel-chair to church, or to see their old haunts. They read to those whose sight is less good. ¹ In a few areas a special mobile library service is arranged by public libraries for those people who are unable to visit the library themselves. One library in London delivers 700 books each fortnight to 120 readers. Many public libraries are helping elderly readers in such ways as arranging for a magnifying glass to be available; and for suitable books with clear print to be kept together on an easily accessible shelf.

It is not only in this country where there is need to help old people to alleviate their loneliness. ² A recent survey in Melbourne, Australia showed the same problem. It was found there that loneliness is very much less common amongst those old people who have retained some hold upon normal life, through employment, club membership or closer contact with relatives.

Another way in which loneliness is being relieved is through old people's clubs of which there are some 4,000. Most of these meet weekly but an increasing number are open daily and through the help which is being given by the King George VI Foundation Fund it is hoped that the number of all-day Clubs will increase considerably. The range of activities in the clubs is wide and varied. A large majority are of the type where members merely sit and chat over a cup of tea or have entertainment provided for them. But at some clubs the members engage in handicrafts in which the local education authorities sometimes helps. In the United States and particularly in New York, clubs are being developed as day centres so as to help old people to obtain happiness by having definite interests and giving themselves wholeheartedly for the time being to the pursuit of some such interest. It is realised that the more completely a person can forget himself in the active pursuit of an interest the happier he will be. It is the aim of those responsible for these centres to help each elderly person to find one or more abiding interests, if they have not one already, interests to which he can continue to give himself, and feel that he is succeeding well enough to carry the approval of others whose opinion he values. The members enthusiastically join in all kinds of activity, such as carpentry, boot repairing or painting or simply reading, talking, or writing or sewing. There is abundant evidence of the benefits to the health and particularly mental health of those who attend. There has been a reduction in the number of people visiting doctors and clinics. It is agreed in this country as in America that for the active old person the best form of occupation is paid employment but for those who are less active or who cannot obtain employment some form of occupation is essential.

Other voluntary activities in Britain are the provision of meals on wheels—largely by the W.V.S.—under which a hot meal is taken to an old person in his own home; the organisation of a chiropody service, as this is not yet accepted generally as a National Health responsibility; the organisation of holidays and the provision of a laundry service.

Lord Bertram Russell in a paper "Reflections on my eightieth birthday" said he was convinced that survival is easier for those who can enjoy life and that a man who has sufficient vitality to reach old age cannot be happy unless he is active. Many elderly people become depressed even if not mentally ill when they retire and have no way of usefully occupying themselves. They miss the association of their former workmates. This applies also to some professional people who miss the daily association with their colleagues in the office. In the United States much attention is being given to the need for preparation for retirement and a beginning is being made of the study of this in Britain. Some people suffer from "retirement shock." If there is to be real happiness in retirement, habits and interests must be developed early in life so as to provide a means of continued sound living in later life.

There is certainly a "Problem of Old Age" but the problem is being made less and can be made still less by partnership between the State and voluntary organisations; but others must help. The family must help and the Churches must help. And all should prepare for retirement and not wait to be helped in retirement.

JOHN MOSS.

* *Report of the Committee on the Economic and Financial Problems of the Provision for Old Age.* (H.M.S.O.)

† "Reasons given for retiring or continuing at work." Report of an enquiry by Ministry of Pensions and National Insurance. (H.M.S.O.)

‡ *Progress Report, 1954. National Old People's Welfare Committee.*

* *Old People in a modern Australia Community.* By Bertram Hutchinson, B.Sc., (Econ.), Ph.D. Cambridge University Press.

THOMAS PAINE

"HIS adventures were far more exciting than those of any hero of fiction," R. H. Mottram wrote of Thomas Paine. "The figures of the screen lead safe and sedentary lives compared to his." He was born of respectable Quaker stock at Thetford, Norfolk, in 1737, and on leaving the local Grammar School had to serve an apprenticeship in his father's trade of stay-making. It was perhaps a good thing, for it prompted his first rebellion; he ran away to sea, signing on with the ominously named Captain Death, of the privateer *Terrible*. His father overtook him on board and hauled him back to corset making; but again the boy ran away and this time saw enough service at sea to cure his romantic illusions. No great adventures came his way again until he was thirty-seven; the fight for a mere existence was more than a whole time job for a man who was continually studying and reaching out for a fuller and more useful life. He was then in the Customs service, stationed at Lewes, and although the Excise Officer was not *persona grata* in a district where smuggling was an honoured calling, he was himself popular,

being the leading light of the local debating society and the spokesman of the grossly underpaid Excise Officers. He wrote a statement of their case, a moderate and reasonable plea for these important servants of the State to be paid more than the £32 per annum they netted after deducting the expenses of their horses. Paine was thereupon a marked man. His dismissal would have caused an uproar amongst the Excisemen throughout the country, for they were already becoming unruly, openly accusing Mr. Pitt and other members of the Government of dealing in the smugglers' black market; and so another means of getting rid of Paine was devised—a warrant was issued for his arrest for debt. His friends hid him in the cockloft of the White Hart tavern, until he was able to escape to London.

Having cleared the debts incurred in connection with the Excisemen's petition by the sale of his few belongings, he then settled down to find fresh employment. But jobs are not usually flung at rebels and so, apart from a pittance he earned for a term as a schoolmaster, he was more or less destitute. He attended lectures on scientific subjects and made many interesting friends, one of whom altered the whole course of his life—the great Benjamin Franklin, then in London representing certain of the American colonies. Together they would discuss electricity, literature and liberty. "Where there is liberty, *there* is my country," quoted Franklin, and Thomas Paine capped it with a phrase which should be emblazoned upon the banners of all who fight for freedom—"Where there is *not* liberty, *there* is my country." Dr. Franklin persuaded Paine to seek a livelihood in America, giving him an introduction to his son-in-law. Within a few weeks of Paine's arrival in Philadelphia, he was editing the *Pennsylvania Magazine*—most of which he wrote himself—and within six months the American War of Independence had broken out. Paine surveyed the scene and saw that unless the Colonists could achieve unity and a proper understanding of their aims, their fight would surely fail. So he set out to explain in simple language what were the causes of the war and what should be America's objectives. He called his work *Common Sense* and published it anonymously; he was thereafter known affectionately as Mr. Common Sense. The effect was electrifying. About 500,000 copies were sold to a population of 3,000,000—certainly a best-selling record for those times—and Paine gave all the profits from his work to the fight for freedom, a generous policy he pursued throughout his life.

Once *Common Sense* was launched, he threw down his pen, shouldered his musket and joined the Flying Camp—a force of tough fighters rather like our Commandos today. There is a record of a feat of his when he was aide-de-camp to General Nathaniel Greene. The Americans were being cannonaded by the massed British Fleet and one of their forts was apparently wiped out. Paine rowed out under continuous fire, reconnoitred around the demolished fort, picked up the commander of another fort, rowed safely back to report, and then offered to go out again at night with four picked men and set fire to the enemy's Fleet. But he was too valuable an asset to the Colonists' cause to be risked on such escapades. Things were going desperately with the Americans and General Washington needed more of such exhortations from Paine's pen as—"O ye that love mankind! Ye that dare to oppose not only the tyranny

but the tyrant, stand forth! Every spot in the old world is overrun with aggression. Freedom hath been hunted round the globe . . . O receive the fugitive and prepare in time an asylum for mankind." And so, seated by a camp fire, after a day's fighting, with a drum for his table, Paine sat down and wrote the first of his "broadcasts," *The American Crisis*, which opened with the famous words—"These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph . . ."

Washington was so moved and so impressed by Paine's persuasive and inspiring argument that he gave orders for this first of Paine's *American Crisis* papers to be read out to the hungry and despairing troops. It had a magical effect—from that moment the fortunes of war began to change for the Americans. Paine was then made Secretary of the Foreign Affairs Committee of Congress and after a time was sent to France to get money and stores for the Colonists. The nominal leader of the mission was a well-meaning young man who nearly bungled the negotiations beyond repair, but through Paine's diplomatic intervention, Louis XVI gave all that was asked, and more. Running the British blockade, Paine got safely back to America with the much needed money and stores. Within a few months the war was over and the United States of America was declared free and independent.

Paine had done so much to make America free and independent; he had even christened his new country when he invented the name of the United States of America, and his *Common Sense* had laid the foundation for the Declaration of Independence; but a paragraph designed to free the negroes from slavery, which Paine had drafted, was ruled out by the wealthy slave owners. They never forgot or forgave, and so, when it was proposed that Paine should be in Washington's first Cabinet, they saw that the proposal was vetoed.

In the victory jubilations, Paine took no part, for he was penniless—he had not even the money to repair his shoes, let alone to pay the fare to any of the festivities. Indeed, he was conspicuous by his absence. At last Washington, Jefferson and others moved to secure for Paine some recompense. All that Paine asked was the repayment of his past expenses, such as for the mission to France. As a result some of the States voted him money and others land and a house, so that finally he had enough to live in simple retirement while he worked on his designs for a remarkable iron bridge. When his models were completed, he took them to Europe, since America was not yet capable of tackling so big an engineering task. The French Academy of Sciences endorsed his plans and Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society, backed them enthusiastically. It was arranged for a foundry at Rotherham to build an enormous model about 600 feet long, and this was exhibited on Paddington Green, a shilling being charged admission to see this engineering wonder. And then catastrophe overtook him, for the promoter went bankrupt and Paine was landed with a large liability.

This was hardly settled when one of the greatest events in history

occurred—the French Revolution. At that time, in spite of our past record of pioneering in the cause of liberty, there was a period of reactionary oppression in England, so that to the militant democrats it seemed that the French Revolution, following so close on the successful American Revolution, was the herald of a Millenium for Europe. But although most freedom loving people of England were as enthusiastic in their support of the French people as they had been of the American Colonists, there were many in high position here who were determined that their reign of power and privilege should not be imperilled by the example of France. In England their chief protagonist was Edmund Burke, ex-democrat but now a “secret pensioner” of the King’s Government. He wrote a rambling attack upon representative government and the aspirations of the common people—“the swinish multitude,” he called them—and coupled with it a distorted account of the French Revolution in its first year. Thirty thousand elegant copies of his work were distributed amongst the Courts of Europe. Paine threw up everything to answer Burke. He retired to his room at the Angel Inn, Islington, and there wrote his most famous work, “*The Rights of Man*.” Though it was ultimately banned and Paine was prosecuted, in a short time 200,000 copies had been sold in England alone. Like most of his works this is as readable today as it was then—if only for his anticipation of the Beveridge Report, for in it he recommended—old age pensions, family grants for each child, maternity benefit, allowances for funeral expenses, and no Means Tests! That was over 160 years ago.

The uproar that Paine’s opponents engineered was so intense that his friends begged him to leave the country, and hanging was being openly advocated as “the end of pain.” William Blake, the painter and poet, warned him that a warrant was out for his arrest for treason, and the concerted pressure of his friends persuaded Paine to accept the urgent request for his presence in the French Convention, to which he had been elected as the Deputy for Calais. And so he rode post-haste to Dover; twenty minutes after his ship had sailed, officers galloped into the town to arrest him. The whole of Calais was out to greet its distinguished member, perhaps the most famous man in the world at that time. His journey to Paris was a triumphal tour and in Paris he was welcomed affectionately by Lafayette and other old friends and admirers. But the triumph did not last long. When the extremists in the Convention proposed the execution of the King, Paine opposed the motion, basically on humanitarian grounds, but arguing that to kill your prisoner was bad politics—it would only make a martyr of him and besmirch the good name of the Revolution. The King should be banished, not killed. Paine was violently attacked and Marat proclaimed that because of Paine’s Quaker faith, he was not fitted to vote on a question of life or death. Marat followed this up with a maniacal campaign against foreigners. As a result he was frozen out of the Convention. The great republican was risking his life for a king—who had been generous to republican America in her need, whatever had been the King’s motives. Paine retired to a house on the outskirts of Paris, where he began writing *The Age of Reason*. “I used to find some relief,” he wrote to a friend, “by walking alone in the garden after dark and cursing with hearty goodwill the authors of

that terrible system that had turned the character of the Revolution I had been proud to defend." He knew that his turn for the guillotine would come soon. In due course he was arrested and flung into the Luxembourg Prison. There he lingered in company with Danton and other famous figures of the Revolution and developed a painful growth in his side.

He worked hard to finish *The Age of Reason*, a Deist's analysis of revealed religion, with the knowledge that the guillotine might at any moment end his physical agony. The day came when the dreaded sign was chalked on the door of his cell—but, by accident or design, it was written on the *inside* of his door, so that when the guards came with their tumbrils to collect those who were to be speedily "tried" and executed, they passed him by. Shortly after, Robespierre fell, the Terror ended, and James Monroe, the new American Ambassador, got Paine out of prison and for eighteen months nursed the white-haired wreck of the great democrat. Paine was then re-instated in the Convention and Napoleon declared that "a statue of gold should be erected to him in every city of the world," but the principles for which he had always fought were no longer welcomed in the new France. He remained in Paris for some years until his good friend Jefferson became President of the U.S.A. and then returned to the home he loved best. But Jefferson was not all-powerful, the reign of the democrats did not last long and soon Paine found himself in a hostile land. He was even refused the right to vote—this great citizen of America, whose democratic rights and principles he had done so much to establish. He died a lonely old man in 1809. He directed that his grave stone should bear just his name, age and the words, "Author of *Common Sense*." His remains were brought to England by William Cobbett, who planned to have a magnificent tomb erected to this first citizen of the world. But his bones were lost. If they are ever found, I would plead for them to be buried in a simple and dignified tomb, with the inscription of his own words—"The World is my Country and to do good is my Religion."

ADRIAN BRUNEL.

PRAISE OF LOVE

*Whose tongue can better speak than praise of Love?
Fish muffled finning coral forest aisles,
Tense fire of colour beating through a flower,
Or gorgeous sparks male Argus pheasants shower.*

*This palimpsest, avowed a treasure-trove
If Love be human Psyche's, rich beguiles:
Love still in young Verona fires the breath,
Turns flesh to fire, then fire to passion's death.*

*While tombs ago in Egypt, soft above
A sun-brown palm her palm kissed down, with smiles,
Caressingly. And little gilded flies
Saw Pharaoh drink at Nefertiti's eyes.*

JOSEPH BRADDOCK.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

KING PETER OF YUGOSLAVIA

King Peter dedicates his reminiscences to "my brave people of Yugoslavia" but how many of his old subjects will read them? Unlike the Danish dynasty still reigning in Greece, the Coburg dynasty which used to reign in Bulgaria, and the Hohenzollern dynasty which once reigned in Rumania, the Serbian dynasty is a native product. But even native dynasties are soon forgotten by the younger generation, as we see with the Hapsburgs, the Hohenzollerns, and the House of Savoy. The author still regards himself as a King, but the impression left on the reader is that he is the representative of a lost cause. Nations are more interested in the present than in the past, and the Yugoslavs have seen so little of him that now he must be little more than a name. When he returned from school in England on the murder of King Alexander at Marseilles he was only a lad, and it was not very long before Mussolini and Hitler attacked his country and drove him into exile. His only consolation is that his misfortunes and those of his people are not his fault. In his own words, he was not given a fair chance.

The most historically valuable feature of the book is the correspondence with Winston Churchill, Mr. Truman and King George about the fate of his country during and after the Second World War. The main theme is the antagonism between those who, like the author, pinned their faith to Mihailovich, and those who, like Winston Churchill, regarded Marshal Tito as the most reliable leader of the national resistance. That Marshal Tito was a Communist was a trifle to the Allies at a time when, as Winston Churchill declared in a lapidary phrase, Hitler's enemies were our friends: we needed all the help we could get. King Peter agrees with this principle but disputes our application. Mihailovich, he reminds us, was the first to raise the banner of revolt against the invader, and he dismisses the charge that he put up a lukewarm fight as a baseless libel. That the transfer of our support resulted in handing over Yugoslavia to a Communist dictator increases his anger and his grief. "Today I am thirty-one," he writes in an Epilogue. "I now live in France and have a house about 25 miles from Paris. From Paris I occasionally visit my mother and brothers in England and attend meetings with my former politicians. I also visit my son who is at present at school in Switzerland. Later he will go to school in England. I hope God will protect him and help him to attain a happier and easier life than mine has been." Whether his ex-subjects want him back we cannot tell: like the Spaniards under General Franco they are not asked what they would like. All we know is that so long as Tito and Franco are there a change of regime is out of the question. They are about the same age, and when they go anything may happen. From the meridian of London the prospects of Don Juan or his son look rosier than those of the author of this distressful autobiography.

G. P. GOOCH.

A King's Heritage. The Memoirs of King Peter II of Yugoslavia. Cassell. 25s.

BRITISH DIPLOMACY

For a variety of reasons, the general public are more likely to suffer false impressions of the Foreign Service than of any other department of State. Its representatives are by many still regarded as smooth and snobbish, their life a luxurious social round at the taxpayer's expense. These tenacious misconceptions are part of an essentially ambivalent attitude; diplomatic life, because of its supposed exclusiveness and glamour, arouses feelings both of fascination and of censure tinged with jealousy. All this may do little harm unless the misunderstanding is exploited by parties or newspapers in order to further opposition to government foreign policy. *The Foreign Office*, an addition to the New Whitehall Series, is an excellent antidote; it provides most useful

information about the nature and work of the service and helps towards a fuller understanding of the changing character of international relationships which is its context. It is written with clarity in a lively and forceful style, Lord Strang not seeing fit to "pass the steam roller of conformity over the more argumentative chapters."

Few people realise the dramatic change which the conduct of foreign affairs has undergone. By the turn of the century the Office had scarcely developed its function of advising the Secretary of State on policy; Lord Salisbury did not consult his Permanent Undersecretary on matters of importance. This has changed partly through the increase in democratic control but mainly because of the great augmentation of business. This in turn has several causes; most States are now in contact in a much greater variety of ways and levels, and government intervention in economic affairs necessarily affects international dealings. The passing of foreign affairs into the area of democratic control, and the responsibility of the Foreign Secretary to Parliament on relatively detailed matters, add to the work. Thus although the staff has greatly increased, the pressure, particularly at the top, is quite relentless. This, as the book observes, is the greatest problem of all; for if foreign policy is to be properly integrated and is to be kept in line with general government policy, decentralisation can only lessen the burden to a limited extent.

The Foreign Office has quite recently had to defend itself against the charge of extravagance and this book has a very cogent explanation of the rising cost; indeed, given the present extent of its activities, the annual sum of about £20m. seems (in so far as one can appraise such broad totals) almost modest as compared with a roughly equivalent expenditure for example on dental services in England and Wales. Few people ever get rich in the service and the general public under-estimate its hardships even more than they exaggerate its luxury.

By now, popular enthusiasm for "open diplomacy" has, through bitter experience, much abated. The present authors give a candid and instructive analysis of the merits and defects of negotiation of this and other kinds, and decide, as one would expect, that "strictly official contact between governments, attended by as little publicity and infused with as much mutual confidence as possible, is still—and is likely to remain—the chief and preferred method of the Foreign Service." There are always enough people willing to offer a personal judgment on its efficiency, though in fact very few indeed have both the necessary inside knowledge and the perspective which only an outsider can enjoy. This volume may persuade many that the service is efficient and progressive and its officers able and devoted servants of the Crown. This is important, but the service should not only be responsible and efficient; it is desirable that the general public should regard it and respect it as such.

G. B. RICHARDSON.

The Foreign Office. By Lord Strang and other members of the Foreign Service. Allen & Unwin. 15s.

SOUTH-EAST ASIA

Only Pakistan, Burma and Indonesia are included in Mr. Mende's survey; the other component parts he has not visited. But within these sufficiently wide limits he has travelled tirelessly, interviewed everyone from premiers to peasants, and produced a very readable and interesting book. It abounds in vivid description—of the poverty of a jungle village in Java and the happier villages of Sumatra, where the conflict is not as in over-populated Java "between man and man, but between man and jungle"; of a Buddhist festival at the peerless Shwe Dagon at Rangoon, and a thrilling night ride by jeep through the Shan mountains; and a particularly attractive chapter on the beauty and ancient civilization of Bali. Unfortunately the value of Mr. Mende's conclusions is

marred by his almost pathological antipathy for the former white rulers in Asia and for the Dutch in particular he has not one good word. That the white man in Asia introduced a vast measure of justice, peace and regular employment for the multitudinous masses of the people he ignores.

In Indonesia Mr. Mende seems blind to the logic of his own observations, giving several examples of what the Government could and should but fails to do. Indonesia is indeed in a sad state, cursed with some twenty political factions, with all West Java in the hands of a hostile government, the Dar ul Islam; the former Republican army now little better than bandits; and perhaps worst of all, a prey to Nationalist sensitiveness which sees in every offer of foreign help the hidden hand of "the old colonialism." A general election, said at last to be fixed for July, may enable Indonesia to make a fresh start by sweeping out the present hordes of self-seeking politicians and creating a responsible Assembly. Such at least is the hope.

Pakistan's many problems are minutely described—the endless difficulties due to the thousand-mile division between east and west, the pretensions of the reactionary mullahs; and the worthlessness, to use no harder word, of politicians; though one rubs one's eyes in reading that "it would be wrong . . . to blame the tension between [India and Pakistan] entirely on the rulers of Pakistan." Has Mr. Mende read nothing about Kashmir and the Indus Valley rivers? All dispassionate observers agree that Mr. Ghulam Mohammed's suspension of the Constituent Assembly (October 1954, not 1944, as misprinted on page 267) was the only possible course. Whether, as seems extremely probable, Pakistan's destiny lies in union with the Middle East or not, one has confidence that the quality of her people and their best leaders will triumph over the difficulties inevitable in a State which started only eight years ago from complete vacuum.

Mr. Mende gives a pleasant picture of the Burmese Premier U Nu's personal charm, but seems hardly conscious of the tremendous influence of his devout Buddhism, transparent honesty and homely common sense for the remarkable progress Burma has made towards order and prosperity since a few years ago when her Government's writ hardly reached beyond Rangoon. There is of course still much to do. But doubts of Burma's future seem to depend chiefly on whether Red China's imperialism will let her alone.

O. M. GREEN.

South East Asia between Two Worlds. By Tibor Mende. Turnstile Press. 215.

INDIA AND PAKISTAN

Anyone who has been close to recent events in Pakistan must surely have said to himself: Why did Partition take place? Was it really inevitable? Could it have been avoided by a little more patience and ingenuity? Mr. Lumby's altogether admirable book sets out to answer these and similar questions as he surveys the events leading up to August 15, 1947, the date on which British power in India was transferred to the two States of India and Pakistan. He cannot, of course, tell us for certain the moment when the Rubicon of Partition was crossed; but quite early in the story it is clear that power must be divided—not because it was sensible, but because it was inevitable. Few Muslims were as far-sighted as Dr. Azad who saw the division of India as "opposed to the ultimate interests of the Indian Muslims themselves."

The British Cabinet Mission of 1946 had tried to preserve Indian unity by suggesting that Provinces with Muslim majorities should group themselves "into organisations which could regulate in common such matters as religion, culture, education, trade and industry" and thus protect their ways of life from Hindu pressure. These Provinces would then "co-operate in an All-India Union with minimum powers, in which they would have equal representation with the Hindu-majority Provinces." A weak centre was surely better

than two nations! But not to the fanatical supporters of Pakistan, who had only to hold out to win what they wanted—except for the fact that they finally had to consent to the division of the Punjab and Bengal. Early in 1947 the struggle was over. "The Muslim League can have Pakistan if they want it," said Mr. Nehru, "but on the condition that they do not take away other parts of India which do not wish to join Pakistan."

Mr. Lumby's book will do nothing to confound those who view history with Gibbon as "little more than the register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind." It illustrates the lamentable fact that, given a situation so charged with emotion—the product of other situations which had been building up for half a century or more—the best intentions of the British Government were unable to do more than make the best of a bad business. Just how bad that business was has yet to be seen. One sentence of Mr. Lumby's may have to be rewritten in the light of recent struggles between the two halves of the country. "The Muslims of India had passed the only really valid test of nationality—they were a nation because they profoundly believed themselves to be one." That was true enough in 1947, when it was one of the factors that made Pakistan inevitable. Of late there have been disquieting signs that a common religion is not enough to make one people of a geographical monstrosity.

BERNARD LLEWELLYN.

The Transfer of Power in India. By E. W. R. Lumby. Allen & Unwin. 18s.

MOUNT EVEREST

This book, already hinted at in Sir John Hunt's *Ascent of Everest*, appeared almost exactly one year later. Finely printed with forty-eight magnificent photographs and four coloured plates and further illustrated by A. J. Veilhan's line drawings, *South Col* adds another facet to a story which is now, in outline, familiar. South Col was the highest point reached on Everest by the writer, but the emphasis of the book is, as the sub-title indicates, on the experiences of an individual. Drawing on the diary Mr. Noyce kept at the time, it answers many questions of intimate, personal detail which have to be faced on a three months' trek up and down the highest of all mountains: Could one change one's clothes often, how much toothpaste would one need, what would one think about? Because this narration is charged with the details of everyday living—the books palatable at those great heights, the talk which arose in the friendly fug of tents at evening, the drudgery of days on the Icefall, the fuss of ultimate celebrity—the writer gives armchair mountaineers the flattering impression of accompanying him as unseen witnesses. Yet despite the impression that Everest was climbed by men and not by supermen, the grandeur and thrill of the undertaking cannot be forgotten. Moments of exasperation there might be and we can believe that a mind dulled by the effect of height and by weeks of physical strain might receive the news of victory primarily with the satisfaction of a job done, but the vast presence of Everest, the uncanny hallucinations of its desolate upper reaches and the breathtaking splendour of Himalayan scenery, make themselves felt throughout. Moreover *South Col* brings out, in a way that the *Ascent of Everest* could not, the great personality of the leader, not only his careful planning and selfless example, but his warmth of friendship and the disarming modesty which made him the central figure of a united, happy party. Features such as these counteract the reader's irritation at being unable to follow the movements on the mountain of the various climbers, designated by their Christian names which in some cases were the same. The intrinsic qualities of this book are its sincerity and its human details, tempered as occasion demands, by poetic feeling and expression.

VERA DANIEL.

South Col: One Man's Adventure on the Ascent of Everest. By Wilfrid Noyce. Heinemann, 21s.

THE FRIEND OF AN EMPEROR

At the turn of the century the name of Frau Schratt, the friend of the Emperor Francis Joseph, was familiar to all who took an interest in the Courts and Cabinets of Europe. The story of this unique relationship, which reflects credit on both parties, has been told with sympathy and insight by Joachim von Kürenberg, author of the best biography of the Emperor William and other works. In this fascinating story the old ruler, the old Vienna, the old Austria and the old Europe come to life. Many celebrities cross the stage, but the author wisely concentrates on the strangely assorted pair who brought sunshine into each other's lives. We close the book with a feeling of something approaching affection for them both.

If happiness is self-realisation Katherine Schratt was a happy woman, for her youthful passion for the stage was fulfilled when she became one of the brightest stars in the State theatre of the capital. Without beauty, without approaching the stature of Duse or Sarah Bernhardt, and lacking the qualities needed for the great tragic roles, she excelled in comedy owing to her spontaneous *joie de vivre* and her entire naturalness. Though we hear a good deal about stageland and its inhabitants, the main interest of the narrative is the woman herself outside the theatre, so totally different from the ordinary conception of a popular actress. There was nothing of the Bohemian about this unspoilt, sensible, kindly woman who never envied any of her contemporaries their success, never intrigued or made an enemy, and helped wherever she could. Her marriage in early life was a failure, for her husband left her after the birth of a son, but there was no heart-break on either side. Henceforth no other man attracted her or played a part in her life except the Emperor himself. Her only failing was a passion for gambling which annoyed the austere ruler who had to pay her debts; but, as the author charitably explains, Katherine, like most of her profession, had no sense of money.

Francis Joseph ascended the throne in the year of revolution 1848 at the age of eighteen and died after a reign of sixty-eight years in the middle of the First World War. Few rulers—indeed few human beings—had such bad luck from start to finish. His marriage to Elizabeth the beautiful Bavarian princess, which seemed to promise so much happiness, proved a tragic disappointment, for no woman was ever such a misfit in the position which, like that of other crowned heads, involved willing acceptance of official responsibilities. Every limitation on her freedom to follow her own tastes was resented, and there was an even darker side to the picture. Her restlessness, her horror of crowds and cities, ceremonies and routine, were definitely pathological and made the world wonder if she had perhaps inherited a touch of the mental trouble which wrecked the reign and caused the death of her Wittelsbach cousin King Ludwig of Bavaria. On the Emperor's side it had been love at first sight, but the passion quickly cooled. On her side all her love went to her gifted but unstable son Rudolf, who shot his mistress and himself at Meyerling for reasons never satisfactorily explained. Ten years later, while perpetually wandering about Europe like a disembodied spirit, she herself was murdered by an anarchist at Geneva.

The best feature in the character of the beautiful Elizabeth was recognition of her own radical unsuitability not only to the position of an Empress but even to that of a wife, since a successful marriage demands give and take. All the amends she could offer for her virtual abdication was to discover a woman friend who would supply her lonely husband with the companionship and brightness which she was unable to provide. It was Elizabeth, not Francis Joseph, who selected the respected actress for this exacting task. No better choice could have been made. We may even say that no other woman was a possibility—for the Emperor was temperamentally reserved and took only the slightest interest in

the fair sex. For the last thirty years Frau Schratt stood at his side, sharing his ceaseless anxieties and repeated disappointments, cheering him with her un-failing good spirits, entertaining him at breakfast in her villas at Schönbrunn and Ischl, not only with the gossip of the capital but with reports of her visitors of the previous day from many lands, among them crowned heads, princes and princesses, statesmen and generals, artists and writers. The life of Francis Joseph, who neither gave nor received much love, would have been infinitely sadder without the steady affection of this cheerful, understanding and dis-interested friend. She outlived him by a quarter of a century, living in her memories, a survival from the spacious days of the Hapsburg Empire of which only the little half-starved republic of Austria was left. Few women of her time or of any time have played a totally unexpected and unsought for part with greater tact or more signal success. This extremely readable and richly illustrated volume is not only a record of a gifted and attractive woman but a contribution to history.

G. P. GOOCH.

A Woman of Vienna: A Romantic Biography of Katherine Schratt. By Joachim von Kürenberg. Translated by H. A. Russell. Cassell. 18s.

THE MARTYRDOM OF POLAND

Within the form of a novel—a gripping novel—this book contains a revealing account of a tragic and too often overlooked chapter in human history. The subject is the war in Poland and its impact on the Polish people. The characters are intensely real and living and together they seem to express the Polish spirit, so fervent, strong in faith, heroic. The acts of the statesmen form the background but in the forefront their acts come to life.

The story begins with the massing of the German forces on the frontiers of Poland in the summer of 1939. The invasion, with the crushing of Polish resistance by overwhelming German mechanised forces, the retreat of the Polish armies to carry on the struggle beyond their frontiers, the Warsaw Rising, with its heroism and its horror, and the ultimate Russian invasion, are described with illuminating detail gleaned by Sir Philip not only from the written records but from the experiences narrated to him by Polish leaders in exile. It is an epic in the struggle for human freedom. But there are dark shadows in the picture. The horrors of the German Occupation, possibly intensified by the uncompromising and unceasing resistance of the Polish people, are among the darkest. And there is the sense of abandonment which gradually dawned on people's minds. Where, when the Germans struck, were the British and the French, who had pledged themselves to defend Poland's independence? How was it that when the German death-bringing planes darkened the sky, no help came from Poland's friends? And how could it be that, while General Anders was withdrawing his armies, the Russians actually invaded the stricken country? How was it that when, in the tragic summer of 1945, the Underground forces rose in a desperate attempt, possibly doomed from the outset, to fling the Germans out of Warsaw, only a few British planes came to their help with much needed loads of ammunition? Where were the Russians who had been hurling leaflets from the air inciting Warsaw to rise? They remained coldly aloof on the other side of the Vistula. They were biding their time till they could make their entry as "liberators." It is a tragic tale. The Treaty of Mutual Guarantee with Poland in August 1939 and the Yalta and Potsdam Agreements all show diplomacy desperately seeking to avert disaster by arrangements which overlooked the needs and interests of vast populations. Poland was sacrificed. But, as Sir Philip writes, the Polish people, still deprived of their freedom, should not be forgotten. "One ought not to ignore supreme heroism even if it failed, nor the sacrifice of a nation in the cause of liberty, nor the suffering of a nation in chains."

MOSA ANDERSON.

No Price for Freedom. By Philip Gibbs. Hutchinson. 15s.

LETTERS FROM RILKE

When Rilke arrived at Soglio in the Grisons in Switzerland in July 1919, he met Frau Gudi Nölke at the old palazzo of the Von Salis family, which for some years had been a guest house. Through her kindness the fine library that was normally not available to residents was placed at his disposal as a study. Rilke's stay in Switzerland was fruitful in friendships which powerfully assisted him to sustain the personal side of life under troublesome conditions, and Rilke found in Frau Nölke a friend of great integrity who was unpretentious and abounding in good works. Like Rilke himself she was experiencing great difficulties, and his friendship undoubtedly helped to sustain her and to preserve the balance and serenity she needed in her unhappy situation.

Rilke's stay in Switzerland was perhaps the most fruitful period of his life. He now openly admitted to his friends and acquaintances how dependent he was for doing good work on surroundings shaped by tradition in which he could experience complete solitude for long periods at his will. It was in castles that he found the environment which helped him most, though it was not impressions that he sought from them but the peace of mind which came most readily when his surroundings were in tune with his nature. He was particularly fortunate in Switzerland in finding, through the generosity of friends, the kind of sanctuary that he needed. In Schloss Berg in Canton Zurich, especially, he found a quiet, strongly built house, "full of strengthening forces, the after-effects of some entirely good and active past." "The park," he wrote to Frau Nölke, "melts into the fields, which mount gently towards the Irchel, and the latter, a wooded soft-contoured hill, shuts in the view without cramping it in the least. In the unbordered pool in front of the house a slender fountain rises day and night, and hardly a sound is to be heard above its own. No railway, no neighbours, and as if to make the shelter still more secure, all roads stopped on account of foot and mouth disease!"

Yet it was in the Château de Muzot in Valais that he did his greatest and most enduring work in 1921 and 1922 in which he wrote the *Duino Elegies* as well as the *Sonnets to Orpheus*. He wrote these great poems while in much anxiety concerning the state of the world. He referred in a letter to Frau Nölke to "the indescribable insecurity and misery, not only of our generation, but of the next. Even if one feels obliged finally to surrender one's own life to this confusion for the time that still remains to us, one would like to be able to discover that tiniest rift in the sky that may expand into the clear firmament, under which they are to live who are growing up." But Rilke could not find any objective ground for hope. However, the conditions inspired in him a powerful obligation to do what he could to make of his work an enduring and real monument even in an age of confusion, and in this he succeeded. But he did not believe one could do anything at that time to improve social and political conditions. A new spirit was what seemed to him to be needed, and the "new fruitful individual consciousness" could only affect the world when a few people had it all big and ready within them. "Only winged things now" he wrote to Frau Nölke "that can hover above so much abyss (opening wider and wider) are capable of existing, are saved, and may perhaps save this or that man if he is strong enough to lift himself up to them."

Rilke belonged to a period in the modern literary movement when the outstanding figures, men like Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Joyce and Yeats, isolated their values from the context of society, seeking to communicate their personal vision without feeling any allegiance to society. Their work led to a crisis of communication. The greatest literary figures throughout history have been able to say something simple and clear to the main body of intelligent readers of their time. Rilke, Rimbaud, Joyce and others spoke to a very few. But no

writer of their time had a more penetrating and original vision than Rilke. His letters to Frau Nölke throw significant new light on this fruitful period of his life as they are a delight to read and give ample testimony to his great capacity for friendship.

J. B. COATES.

Letters from Rainier Maria Rilke to Frau Gudi Nölke. The Hogarth Press. 12s. 6d.

THE PEPYS FAMILY

When he was in his thirty-sixth year Samuel Pepys abandoned his diary; and as a consequence there has been much speculation as to the way in which events shaped a serious and life-loving man. The present collection, carefully edited and with a scholarly introduction, greatly enlarges our conception of a figure already familiar. There are 188 letters printed—162 of them are published in full for the first time—and a pedigree, and calendar of less important items are appended. The period covered is 1663 to 1692, so that the development of Pepys' mind is revealed in terms of national events and the ample continuity of the Pepysian family relationship. This connection between Pepys and his relatives is the unifying principle of this edition, and Mrs. Heath gives it as her opinion that when a definitive edition of Pepys' letters is published the family communications, with all their colour and intimate detail, will prove to be the heart of a correspondence remarkable in range and vitality.

In 1663 Pepys was a Clerk of the Acts of the Navy Office. A young man of thirty, happy in his dancing lessons and his home, offering advice and affording financial aid to his parents, he also bears with equanimity a heavy burden of work. As the years go on the trials of history and of the family are bound together inextricably. The most interesting of the correspondents does not prove to be either of the brothers, or the innocuous sister, Paulina Pepys Jackson, but shrewd and unstable Balthasar St. Michel—"my wife's brother Balty" of the diary. He emerges as such because of his connection with the saddest episode in Pepys' career. Between October, 1768 and June, 1680 Pepys was accused of treason, and remained in prison for some time. It was St. Michel who searched in France for evidence to defend his relative and tireless benefactor against the fabricated evidence of the notorious Colonel Scott who later confessed that he had been guilty of perjury. Pepys had risen to become Secretary to the Admiralty, and even after the trials he endured he summoned energy to become M.P. for Harwich, President of the Royal Society and Master of Trinity House for the second time.

Throughout this long period the faith and patience of the public servant and family adviser did not flag. In his later letters Pepys is shown as a more mature and dignified figure than the diarist ever was. He is not, as some have implied in the past, a Pepys cloaked in unbecoming reticence, but a dynamic personality capable of genuine interest in the affairs of relatives who did not always exhibit endearing traits. All members of the family circle are "confident in the humanity of the man they address"; and it is this humanity which comes through as a memorial and a defence of one who can be thought of as a more virile Horace Walpole as a letter-writer, for his unrivalled knowledge of the life of his era spanned three reigns and was never confined to one social class entirely.

E. W. MARTIN.

The Letters of Samuel Pepys and His Family Circle. Edited by Helen Truesdell Heath. Oxford University Press. 30s.

AUGUSTAN BACKGROUND

The romantic bias of the mid-Victorian era was mainly responsible for the view, then widely held and not altogether obsolete today, that the eighteenth century was the age of prose and reason; and Dryden, Pope, and Johnson, not

to mention the lesser Augustans, were not true poets. Matthew Arnold, the chief exponent of the view, was a Wordsworthian with a craving for imaginative and spiritual values which Augustan poetry, essentially a social art, could not be expected to possess. The decline of the romantic spirit made conditions more favourable for the revaluation of the eighteenth century, and the task of rehabilitating it may be said to have been completed in the last fifty years. The task engaged the attention of so many eminent scholars that Mr. Humphreys is justified in saying that in the world of scholarship the eighteenth century has received abundant honour. Misconceptions still persist, however, in the world of the general reader, and there can be no doubt that Mr. Humphreys' survey will do much to remove them.

The ground has been too well trodden before to yield any new ideas for the expert, but the general reader and the student will find much here to learn and enjoy. Most of the important aspects of eighteenth century life and letters are competently discussed and illustrated, and special care is taken to relate the writer to his social and intellectual *milieu*. Alike informative and readable, the book may be said to fulfil the Augustan criterion of combining instruction with delight. Its wide range is indicated by the contents of its six chapters: social life, the world of business, public affairs, religious life, philosophy moral and natural, and the visual arts. Each chapter has several sub-divisions, the last of which is more specifically concerned with literature than the others. The author travels outwards from literature to life, and back from life to literature. A certain amount of repetition is inevitable in the process, but it is more than compensated for by the sense of continuity and wholeness that pervades the book. The reading lists for each chapter, sub-divided into sections for the beginner and the advanced student, add considerably to the book's usefulness.

To conclude with some of the less commendable features: drama and the theatre and literary criticism receive less attention than they deserve, and are inadequately utilised for illustrative passages. More serious, the term "Augustan" is used in an unorthodox sense, synonymously with "eighteenth century." A background book of this sort must necessarily rely on generalisations but to apply the term "Augustan" to anybody and anything from 1700, or rather 1660, to 1799 is to strip it of all critical significance. Such expressions as "Augustan politics," "Augustan religion," and "Augustan science" are too vague to be useful, and not a little misleading to the class of reader the book is most likely to benefit.

J. C. GHOSH.

The Augustan World. By A. R. Humphreys. Methuen. 16s.

THE SCIENTIFIC WAY

In *Science Awakening* the "science" is mathematics, and the "awakening" essentially the Greek contribution. Though Euclid was not a creative mathematician, he is the "greatest schoolmaster known in the history of mathematics" through his consolidation of mathematical enquiries. Analysis of his famous *Elements*, about 300 B.C., into its compiled "fragments" helps the understanding of Greek mathematics from 500 to 300 B.C. Though the Greeks themselves usually placed the origin of mathematics in Egypt, modern research discloses an imposition of Greek character on Babylonian mathematics by Thales and Pythagoras. Thales retains his traditional credit for introducing logical proof into geometry, though Babylonian mathematics began at least 1,200 years before he predicted the eclipse in 585 B.C. Advance by "demonstration from theorem to theorem" is familiar in Euclid. This "absolutely new" method, Van der Waerden explains, is due to Thales.

Mathematics had a hey-day in the Alexandrian Era, 330-200 B.C. After

Euclid, the earliest Alexandrian mathematician, had ended one epoch, ancient mathematics had its acme during the third century B.C., though Aristarchus did vainly argue that the earth speeds round the sun. He, Archimedes, Apollonius, Eratosthenes, and Nicomedes mark the era. Then, though Ptolemy developed "theoretical astronomy" highly during the second century A.D., Greek mathematics declined. Alexandrian mathematics ended after the murder of Hypatia in 418; Justinian closed the Athenian School in 529, and Greek mathematics finally died "like a snuffed candle." The Hellenic tendency to straitjacket algebra in geometry helped the decay.

Science Awakening tells the story—including, as the treatment demands, 134 figures. Twenty-eight carefully chosen plates add attractiveness to the book. The history strips the fables from the famous Theorem of Pythagoras down to the possibility that he became acquainted with it in Babylon. Archytas, a friend of Plato, is first commended for his "creative imagination," then trounced for his prolixity and "lack of logic." According to the exposition, also, Plato's dialectics and Aristotle's logic have their prototype in mathematical proof.

The Crucible begins at Leeds, in 1772, with Dr. Joseph Priestley welcoming Lord Shelburne to the dinner prepared by Mrs. Priestley. The fully described menu reminds the reader of the author's declared intention to write "an historical novel." Since the author consulted widely, including guidance for writing "the appropriate dialogue," the publisher's note describes the book as a "biographical study" of Dr. Priestley—including his Yorkshire accent, his stammer, and the advice he received from Benjamin Franklin to use a "*moral or prudential algebra*" in making decisions. During Priestley's life Lavoisier revolutionised chemistry by deposing phlogiston. In 1800 Priestley himself still defended the phlogiston theory, but the biography ends in 1794 when he and his wife went to New York. The revolution in chemistry proceeded in a world of violent disturbances. Men still quarrelled with pistols when a duel was fought by Lord Shelburne—once Priestley's patron. Mobs still raged when a mob destroyed Priestley's house and laboratory in 1791, as the book describes and depicts in an illustration drawn by an eye-witness. Another of the nineteen illustrations portrays the storming of the Bastille. Priestley's house was sacked because he sympathised with the French Revolution. The American War of Independence had its impact on society—including Priestley himself. The biography notes contributions to the general furore by the exploits of Paul Jones, and by the anti-Catholic Gordon riots.

The slave trade and the sufferings of London's poor enter the biography in connection with Priestley. The title of the work apparently derives from the "fourth estate," as Fielding called London's poor, "seething within a crucible of misery and evil." Priestley amused Dr. Johnson with the story of the possessed woman. An electric shock convinced her that the devil had fled from her in a blue flame. More purely scientific experiments fill in the record of Priestley's many activities. Theological activities are also inevitably included in this story. Priestley's defence of the French Revolution and American Independence roused an animus that finally exiled him to America. Religious controversies added to the animus. Dr. Alsop went to the young William Petty lying ill. As the physician entered the drive he thought he saw the boy walking towards him in the moonlight, and sent him indoors. When Alsop reached the house the boy had just died. Petty had previously dreamed that he flew with wings like an angel, and met his mummy flying to meet him. Priestley, we are told, felt uneasily that, contrary to his *Disquisitions*, thought can preview the future and announce it.

Physical and Psychical Research relates some strange events. A letter written before witnesses, for instance, vanished completely after being blotted. Curses covered trees with "sooty fungus" and killed them. Apparently paranormal

occurrences, the authors contend, compel revision of concepts. Physical sciences have inevitably advanced further than others. In the motto on the dust-jacket Alexis Carrel calls this superior advance "one of the greatest catastrophes ever suffered by humanity." One author is a physicist also psychologically trained; the other a psychologist interested in lower animal behaviour. Both are experienced in psychotherapy. Science, with all its merits, the two contend, is a disastrous "belief system." Science will not be successfully unified into "a universal conceptual system." Psychical research, the authors suggest, explores "a sort of no man's land" between science and religion. As they seek a "scientific revolution" based on "methodology and not on belief in hypotheses" they have their own "hypothetical notion" of active "image systems" and of ideas as "particular coherent assemblages of images." They suggest a 'metascience' or 'nexology' of "informational relations between centres, individuals and groups." Telepathy involves a group or groups, and implies a group-mind. Phenomena like national expansion seem to intimate a group-spirit. In parapsychology the authors use "haunting" as a central concept. The term 'information' connects with cybernetics; artefacts behaving in a mind-like way collect 'information.' The authors propose to replace theoretical concepts extensively by "operational procedure"; electronic brains operate without thinking. An index would improve this essayed metascience.

JOSHUA C. GREGORY.

Science Awakening. By Van der Waerden. Translated by Arnold Dresden. P. Noordhoff, Ltd. Groningen, Holland. \$5 or 19-00 Dutch Florins.

The Crucible. By John Graham Gillam. Robert Hale. 21s.

Physical and Psychical Research. By C. C. L. Gregory & Anita Kohsen, The Omega Press, Reigate, Surrey. 15s.

ART AND ARCHITECTURE

Mr. Wingfield Digby has written a penetrating analysis of the art of Edvard Munch, Henry Moore and Paul Nash. The purpose of his study is not so much to elucidate the meaning in the works of three artists in particular as to underline the need for, and the value of, investigating the meanings of modern art in general. There are many who are eagerly responsive to modern art with its varied idiosyncrasies, but there are few who make any sustained attempt to probe its significance. Indeed it is a defect of contemporary criticism that, in a preoccupation with the surface qualities of pictures, it tends to disregard their depths of meaning. With his informed reliance on psycho-analytical methods and his highly discerning use of mythological analogies, Mr. Digby has provided an object-lesson in interpretation. It is true that he makes small concession to the formal, aesthetic values but, as he says, "it is the meaningful content which is important." As illustrations to his theme his choice of artist could hardly have been better, and Edvard Munch, with his haunting, acutely personal output, is the starting point. Describing his works as "a sort of painter's autobiography," Mr. Digby examines three groups of his pictures as examples of his introverted attitude to life, and presents them as poignantly expressive symbols of psychological reactions to significant episodes in the artist's upbringing and later environment.

In contrast to the emotionally loaded Expressionism of Edvard Munch, the sculpture of Henry Moore seems cool, deliberate and remote. Remote, possibly because, in Mr. Digby's words, "it expresses a strongly atavistic attitude." He suggests that the dominant trait in Henry Moore's work is a "regressive urge," a search back through the overlaid strata of man's evolution to the primary, generating source of all life and energy. This regression is symbolised in his impressive proto-human forms with their massive dependence on the earth. The characteristic distortions, voids and amputations Mr. Digby

identifies as archetypal symbols of dismemberment which, taken with the regressive theme, are analogous to the mythological idea of re-birth and the psychological process of re-orientation. Such interpretations are illuminating and helpful. For the cryptic nature of Henry Moore's work is, as the author says, "at least something of a puzzle to his contemporaries."

Of the three artists' work, that of Paul Nash has the most immediate charm and, perhaps, the most involved undertones of meaning. Mr. Digby illumines the track of his "imaginative researches." He interprets the "personages," explains the "encounters" and the psychology of the artist's prepossession with fences, thresholds and transformations. Paul Nash's intuitive perception of the inner reality of his subjects was matched by a most sensitive visual awareness, and the aesthetic values of his paintings make a strong, direct appeal. But, in the author's words, "however disturbing . . . or seductive these forms may be, . . . their meaning must always be of prime importance. This is the challenge," he says in his final sentence, "that faces us in the art of our time."

A challenge to modern architects is implied in the introduction to a book of essays from the York Institute of Architectural Study. "Never before has there been so great a need for architects to study old buildings and to handle them with sympathy and knowledge." The words are those of Dr. William Singleton, the Director. The eight articles in this agreeably produced volume are by lecturers, tutors and students who have attended the successful Summer Schools held in York since 1949. York, with its marvellous architectural legacy from all periods, offers rich and varied material to some of the essayists. St. Anthony's Hall is the subject of a detailed examination by Dr. E. A. Gee who writes the history of the building, first from available records, then from the fabric itself. In an exhaustive survey he identifies the original structure, and traces and dates every alteration and addition from the fifteenth century to the present day. Mr. C. J. Main, in a pleasant discussion of Georgian doorways, evokes the half-forgotten memory of "Carr of York," skilled and prosperous architect and twice mayor of the city. One of the major influences in Carr's life was Lord Burlington. The York Assembly Rooms, Burlington's neo-Palladian masterpiece, is the main theme of a most capable and interesting study by Professor Rudolf Wittkower. The foundation stone of this impressive building was laid in 1731, two years after Burlington had completed Chiswick Villa in collaboration with William Kent. The latter, described by Horace Walpole as the Father of Modern Gardening, "Capability" Brown and Humphrey Repton are the leading personalities in an engaging paper on eighteenth century landscape gardening by Dorothy Stroud. Other good things in this volume are a thoughtful and valuable study in civic design by D. G. Thornley and the excellent photographs accompanying each essay. F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS.

Meaning and Symbol. By George Wingfield Digby. Faber & Faber. 30s.

Studies in Architectural History. Edited by William A. Singleton. St. Anthony's Press. 15s.

CALLING ALL GARDENERS

Mr. Shewell-Cooper has taken all gardens to be his province; he surveys, approves and introduces; happy owners open not only their grounds but their hearts and take proper account of his advice. With an utter absence of false modesty he tells us what the great ones of the world have said to him. In his pages Prime Minister, celebrated actresses, peers, newspaper magnates and others who have a place in the public eye present credentials and receive their certificate of worthiness. Many gardens that but for this gifted cicerone might have failed to spread their sweetness, now enable us to visit them in imagination; verbal largesse is distributed to the owners, the eminent and insignificant alike. The author records without flinching the tragedy of converting gardens from

beauty to utility while showing that the gruesome business may be made worth while. If only the charm of pleasure grounds could have touched his prose how happy the reader might have been, but he is a man of gardens rather than of letters. He is at his best when he forgets show places and offers homely practical lessons to those whose love of flowers is limited by questions of space or lack of funds.

Unfortunately he does not maintain this quality for long and against the general excellence must be set such remarks as: "A man may well ask himself, does my front garden do me justice; it is all the outside world has to go on." Some of his information must be deemed exclusive: "like the Queen Mother, Lady Cromwell loves perfume." "I was at Wye College with Lord Allington, his mother has an all white herbaceous border." Apparently he did not see it but was seeing necessary? "Mrs. James de Rothschild knows the difference between a well-grown plant and a poor one in a moment." How good it is to learn, mark and inwardly digest these glad tidings. Mr. A. K. Bulley made our author love scree. Well done Sir. "Mrs. C. F. Hughesdon of course is known as Florence Desmond." "It was a great privilege to be able to go round the gardens at Broadlands, for it was here that our Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh spent their honeymoon." "If Lady Somerleyton has favourite roses they will probably be Shot Silk and Peace." Lady Kemsley hates cutting down trees unless it is absolutely necessary. As his wife "used to sing A. A. Milne's beautiful songs as solos" it was with the greatest interest that he "got into touch" with Mrs. Milne.

The vulgar might find that the relation between sound advice and small talk in *Born Gardeners* is as that of the bread to the sack in Falstaff's famous tavern score, but how could we have learned about people who matter if Mr. Shewell-Cooper had not put the facts before us? If we like our gardening plain and unadorned there are hundreds of sound text-books. And he has noted a great number; he has contributed extensively to the list, but he remains undaunted, informative and a guide to the best gardening society.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

Born Gardeners. By W. E. Shewell-Cooper. Evans Brothers. 12s. 6d.

COTSWOLD GREY

The latest addition to the Regional Books series is Miss Edith Brill's delightful volume on *The Cotswolds*. She writes with great knowledge and understanding of this region where for centuries the works of nature and man have been incomparably blended. The reader is taken on a comprehensive tour, in which Miss Brill describes with vivid simple imagery the beauties of landscape and characteristics of local architecture and outstanding buildings; all harmonised whatever their style by weathered Cotswold stone which "has the power to subdue any style of architecture to its own quiet greyness." Upon this background, Miss Brill describes the life and activities which pervade this harmonious yet varied region. The past is rarely forgotten, for after all the Cotswolds are a great inheritance; but she acknowledges, too, the impact of the present and is mild in her criticism of commercial exploitation. For example, she bravely defends the numerous antique shops and tea-rooms in Broadway. She concedes, however, that "the Tudor aspect of Broadway has been over-emphasised by the traders . . . and probably this is what irritates the connoisseur of Cotswold, who shies away when it is displayed too crudely as an example of old-world charm." This is a book which with its beautiful photographs should appeal to all lovers of the Cotswolds and encourage others to enjoy its unmatched charm.

A. DE MONTMORENCY.

The Cotswolds. By Edith Brill. Robert Hale. 18s.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

It might be expected that a Chinese childhood, bi-lingual and free from segregations white and yellow, would turn a Virginia-born baby into an exceedingly wise adult. There would be integrity, poise, fairness and calm, an ability to take the long view, to eschew hasty judgment and to rebuke the arrogant assumption. When this American girl grows up to be Pearl S. Buck such qualities are far from seeming inhuman, for they are combined with the sympathy, love and understanding that have always informed her novels and now shine on every page of her autobiography.

"Thunder out of China"

MY SEVERAL WORLDS (*Methuen*. 21s.) takes her readers geographically away from the land she described (in her speech of acceptance of the Nobel Prize for Literature) as her foster country—to Russia, to Japan, to India, to college in her parent country, to Angkor Wat, and Bangkok, to London, and the Lake District, to Venice, and Montreal, to France, and to Switzerland. Yet, wherever she has journeyed the influence of her first tutor Mr. Kung is strong upon her, and the missionaries' little daughter who saw that people go to save the heathen "to fulfil some spiritual need of their own" looks out of the clear eyes of the successful novelist loaded with honours but enquiring still. Her story is told in 'flashback' fashion; from the green hills of Pennsylvania or the forest haunt of Vermont, from Sioux Falls or New York City, she is drawn to scenes far distant in place and time. Today's happenings point the moral and reflections on yesterday have a topical range and appeal. The telling carries one irresistibly along so that no prop of chapter headings and index is necessary to the reading of this profound and moving book. None the less their absence is going to be increasingly deplored when, recalling Mrs. Buck's reactions to policy, event, personality, encounter and mood, we are not able to find in a hurry her

exact sagacious words.

Quintessence

Easy reference to John P. Marquand's collection of shorter pieces THIRTY YEARS (*Robert Hale*. 12s. 6d.) is provided, in the contents list or preceding the essays, lectures, stories and speeches, by copious notes. These are valuable little excursions into autobiography, for they explain the circumstance or the state of mind that impelled what the author said at the time and thus trace his development since. In the Introduction Clifton Fadiman says that Mr. Marquand "began as a writer of advertising copy and grew into a Pulitzer Prize Winner." Those who have met *H. M. Pulham Esquire*, *Polly Fulton* and *The Late George Apley* would not quarrel with the claim that he owns "a lenslike eye, a microphonic ear" for the social comedies; but his mirth has no bitter springs, his irony no indignation. In short, he brings a New England upper-class ancestry and environment to his operating table, and in observation and satiric surgery behaves, as we should say, like a gentleman. The newcomer who starts here with "Lunch at Honolulu," or "Sun, Sea and Sand" in the Minutes of the Mulligatawny Club, will be compelled to go fore and aft for the rest of the treasures. Mr. Marquand's old admirers will have begun on page one for they know that, elegant though his style is, there is no contradiction in his own dictum: "I do not care . . . whether the writer composes with his hands or feet. If you like his book, if it conveys a meaning for you, he is a good writer."

Faith and endeavour

This condition is remarkably fulfilled in a volume which flicked over discloses two dozen pictures of the author plus and minus celebrities, the remaining three photographs being those of his parents, his wife, and the tanks in Glasgow cattle market in 1919 waiting to intimidate strikers. Perhaps preliminary disconcertment was un-

reasonable, for after all this is the success story of the powerfully handicapped life of Emanuel Shinwell *CONFLICT WITHOUT MALICE* (*Odham's*, 21s.) written by himself and without malice either. The poverty, the hard grind, the unemployment, the efforts at self-education, the dangers of early trade union work, the experiences in prison, before the revolutionaries found the road to Westminster, are poignantly — reflectively rather than harrowingly — described. As early as 1923 Mr. Shinwell held ministerial office, and his elevations to Cabinet rank have enlarged his gallery of pen portraits. These have no rancour: the egregious Oswald Mosley for example as a member of the National Executive of the Labour Party undergoes a sober analysis—"I admired Mosley's debating ability and courage but I have always been a little afraid of sudden conversions" he says; and of characters as diverse as Ramsay MacDonald's and Viscount Montgomery's he has more comprehension and appreciation for the second than for the first. Mr. Shinwell's is a pattern of political autobiography; all parties should ponder its message, and especially his own. At the age of seventy he is convinced that the agitations of social reform have been worth while. Can the Labour Party be as sure of regaining its purpose as a vigorous alternative to Conservatism?

The highest office

Eton, Oxford and the study of Oriental languages are safer ways perhaps to Government, and the present occupier of 10 Downing Street would be the last to deny that they have helped to install him there. But in SIR ANTHONY EDEN (*Robert Hale*, 18s.) his very real abilities are not minimised by Alan Campbell-Johnson, who gives thanks to the new Prime Minister's skill for "a renaissance of classical diplomacy." We may disagree with the argument that Sir Anthony's aim has been to keep international relations in a changing equilibrium "like the slowly evolving pattern of a kaleidoscope" because

this unfortunately cannot develop by natural process and when jogged can only form a sterile shape; but we take Mr. Campbell-Johnson's point that the Foreign Secretaryship is no task for the amateur. He has been studying Anthony Eden through the years and wrote about him first in 1938. This biography then is also un-kaleidoscopic in that it has obviously had an orderly progression through the disciplines of a Liberal mind. Showing no patches of improvisation in recording "the ascent of the summit" it has even by a publishing miracle included nonchalantly a photograph of Sir Anthony setting out for Buckingham Palace on April 6 to kiss hands on the latest appointment. There is too a neat summary of his resources of character and of his temperamental quirks to date, in relation to his chances of continued success.

The king's household

"Where does the servant cease and the politician begin?" engenders lively answering in the opening chapter of *A HISTORY OF RED TAPE* (*Macdonald & Evans*, 18s.). Sir John Craig, late Deputy Master and Comptroller of the Royal Mint, here gives an account of the origin and development of the Civil Service, from its ancient place among the royal palace domestics to our own generation, when a prison warder is a civil servant and a policeman is not, when a postman is and a miner isn't, when the staffs of independent Boards like national galleries or museums nevertheless are. The author, who should know, claims that no profession is more careless of its past, and proves in chapters on the Office of Works, Secretaries of State, the Admiralty, the War Office, and all the rest, that its "history is not without interest or repute." The well-chosen illustrations relieve some grisly implications, and he is good at reducing statistics to intelligible round numbers—as when he shows changes between the reigns of the two Elizabeths: home population increased 10 times; Civil Service 1,000 times; Government expenditure

20,000 times. A list of "literary lights" provides an opportunity for lesser breeds to make additions. There is naturally much about Exchequer, Treasury and machinery of taxation, and, having learned that the Royal Engineers were the forerunners of the Ministry of Transport in the construction of roads, our thoughts are doubly switched to motoring.

Behind the windscreen

GOLDEN MILESTONE (*The Automobile Association*. 15s.) commemorates the fiftieth birthday of this organisation, and the Duke of Edinburgh's hope—in his Foreword as President—that the one-and-a-half million members will enjoy the book is not likely to be disappointed. It is a lighthearted anthology, packed with pictures, whose contributions range from "Round the Clock" with Raymond Baxter to "All the Year Round" with Bryan Morgan. Some tenacious banding together to patrol the roads and to inaugurate a hundred other activities has resulted in the legislation we know. Much remains to be done, and the book has many gay comments and suggestions. Howard Marshall's article "AA Plus GB" suggests without ponderosity that including the highways of the world in the scheme "is no mean contribution to international good fellowship." This requires the FOREIGN TOURING GUIDE, 1955-56 which the Automobile Association issues to its members. For one who has been driven over the St. Gotthard Pass, and the Dolomites, along the precipices of some southern Italian roads, and through and round France and Spain, the route atlas of western Europe alone is treasurable. And there seems to be everything else the motorist ought to know, from mileage charts and conversion tables to the address of the British Consuls and the unravelling of Customs tangles.

Webs to deceive

Margery Allingham has straightened out another of her particular entanglements, probably to her own satisfaction but not so clearly for her

readers perhaps, in *THE BECKONING LADY* (Chatto & Windus. 11s. 6d.). The characters increase and the supplied *dramatis personae* is not superfluous. Among our old acquaintances are Albert Campion and his Lady Amanda and Detective Chief Inspector Luke, now fallen in love. "Who was the corp?" asks Lugg and it is our long unsolved problem too. Logic and motive, suspicion and deduction, are linked as usual to this novelist's sense of atmosphere and her discriminating English and her competence as a social historian.

Ursula Tighe Hopkins is one in the making, and social history for her in *A MAN WITH NO ENEMIES* (Heinemann. 15s.) is a sharp and often agonizing delineation of the lingering fears of the concentration camp refugee returned to normal life. She is not so successful in sharing with us the admiration she apparently feels for her main characters. The worthy Jan, albeit treacherous to his loving goose of a wife, does not present himself as a man with a real job of work in the inheritance of a great newspaper, the interior decorator is a stagey seducer and the returned husband a ditto villain. She writes awkwardly at times: "There was no enemy like those whom you loved." Yet these blemishes need be only significant of a first novel. There is conclusive evidence of ability to tell a story and of something to say—a lot in fact, and when the flow has been controlled in settings surely closer to Miss Tighe's own experience, it should be worth hearing. Respected authors have started off before now with something like a novelette.

Finding the Grail

There is just space to recommend for a long slow reading John Cowper Powys' masterpiece among his novels *A GLASTONBURY ROMANCE* (Macdonald. 21s.) was published in 1933, and in this new edition of his "tumultuous tale" the author tells in a Preface why he wrote it.

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word, and it shall not stand:

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AND LET GOD BE YOUR
DREAD."

(Isaiah viii.)

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that WHOSOEVER shall
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(Joel ii. 32.)

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